WHAT I THINK OF CLARK GABLE by Robert Taylor

★ Liberty

APR. 23,
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ROBERT G HARRIS

1938's Baseball Surprises by Joe DiMaggio

HOW LONG WILL WE HAVE RELIGIOUS LIBERTY? by George Sokolsky

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A Queen of Hearts at Seventeen must start at Seven to guard her Smile

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firmer and teeth sounder

EVEN at seven they're a perfect combination—little Mary Ann and her bright, sunny smile! And her dentist and her teachers and little Mary Ann herself want to *keep* that combination. Though she's only seven, Mary Ann has already learned the importance of massage to firm, healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth—and *practices* it, too!

Today's modern menus — today's soft and creamy foods—are a lot to blame for tender, ailing gums. For such foods do deny our gums the work and stimulation they need for perfect health. Robbed of this work, naturally gums tend to grow flabby and weak — and sooner or later flash on your tooth brush that warning tinge of "pink."

"Pink" on your tooth brush means only one thing—*see your dentist at once!* You may not be faced with serious gum trouble — but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, he will pronounce it a simple warning of underworked gums —gums that need more vigorous exercise —and he may suggest, as so many dentists often do, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For with massage Ipana is especially designed to aid the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation is aroused in the gum tissues—gums tend to become stronger—teeth brighter!

Schedule yourself for this healthful dental routine today. Let Ipana with massage help you to healthier gums, sparkling teeth, a more attractive smile!

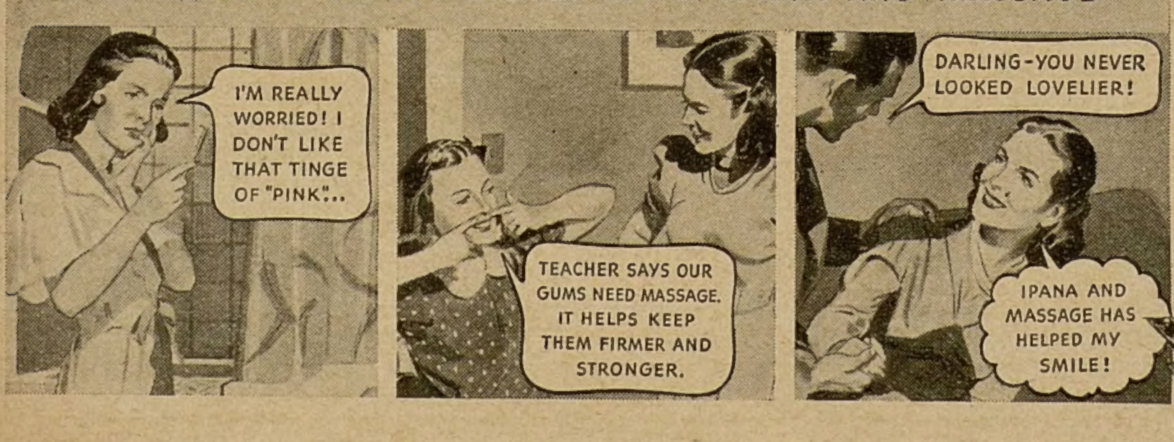
* * *

DOUBLE DUTY — For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's new *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

IPANA

Tooth Paste

EASY TO KEEP SMILES LOVELY WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE


I'M REALLY WORRIED! I DON'T LIKE THAT TINGE OF "PINK"...
TEACHER SAYS OUR GUMS NEED MASSAGE. IT HELPS KEEP THEM FIRMER AND STRONGER.
DARLING-YOU NEVER LOOKED LOVELIER!
IPANA AND MASSAGE HAS HELPED MY SMILE!

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

APRIL 23, 1938

Liberty

VOL. 15, NO. 17

BERNARR MACFADDEN
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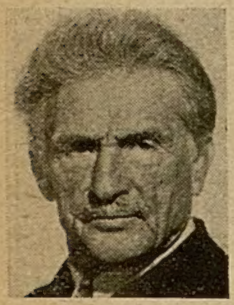
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

84%-LABOR'S SHARE OF INDUSTRY'S PROFITS



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Now, don't fall off your chair! The above statement is indeed startling! But the astonishing proof of its accuracy appears in the United States government's recent statistical survey covering agriculture, commerce, and service.

Employers as well as employees have been grossly deceived. This book, compiled by the Department of Commerce on annual income from 1929 to 1935, is sold for twenty-five cents by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. It should be purchased and carefully read by every intelligent citizen, young and old, in the United States.

This priceless contribution to our economic libraries is a veritable bombshell that brands the disorganizing falsehoods made by demagogues against the American industrial system.

For more than a generation extremists have boldly declared that the employee receives only a few cents of each dollar of income he produces. This false statement has created bitter hatred in the hearts of millions of our people.

Now here is the gist of the startling information the government report brings to light. The employees of the manufacturing industry of the entire country receive an average of 84 cents of each dollar of income produced and paid out by the manufacturers. The employers, the bondholders, the stockholders, and the bankers get the balance.

It was only a few months ago that a theorist of more than local fame bewildered the people of the Middle West with a broadcast statement that the employees receive only a few cents of each dollar of income they produce. The gentleman proposed to rectify this maldistribution of wealth by eliminating the system of private enterprise and private profit; employees would then receive a fair portion of the annual wealth produced.

The government report answers these wild theories much more devastatingly than could be done by any private source.

After a careful reading, the report leaves us with but one conclusion: To distribute more wealth among all our people, it will first be necessary to produce wealth to distribute. We certainly cannot distribute wealth that has not been produced.

This little book of governmental statistics, of 305 pages, proves beyond reasonable doubt that the basic principles of our competitive economic system are sound. The government rendered one of the most valuable services to all our people that any administration has performed in the past by publishing this invaluable information, and we would like to pass on an unlimited amount of credit to Secretary of Commerce Daniel C. Roper and Director Alexander V. Dye, the men mainly responsible for its conception and publication.

This voluminous report covers every phase of American commercial activity, and every reader will be inspired with a newborn respect for the economic system of our Constitutional fathers.

The report was published more than a year ago and escaped public notice for several months. Just recently a young crusader, Sherman Rogers, conducted a speaking campaign to bring these important facts to the attention of the public. Local labor leaders, business men, and the general public manifested instant favorable interest. The book was of especial interest to business men, due to the different light in which they were placed in the eyes of the workers. It is especially valuable to labor leaders, due to the potent weapon it gives them to demolish the ever-growing power of falsifying Communistic agitators that continually badger both major labor organizations; and the general public received the report enthusiastically, due to the hope that its clarifying contents will bring about an atmosphere of greater tolerance and cooperation between the two important factions that have been so widely divided in the last few years . . . capital and labor.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

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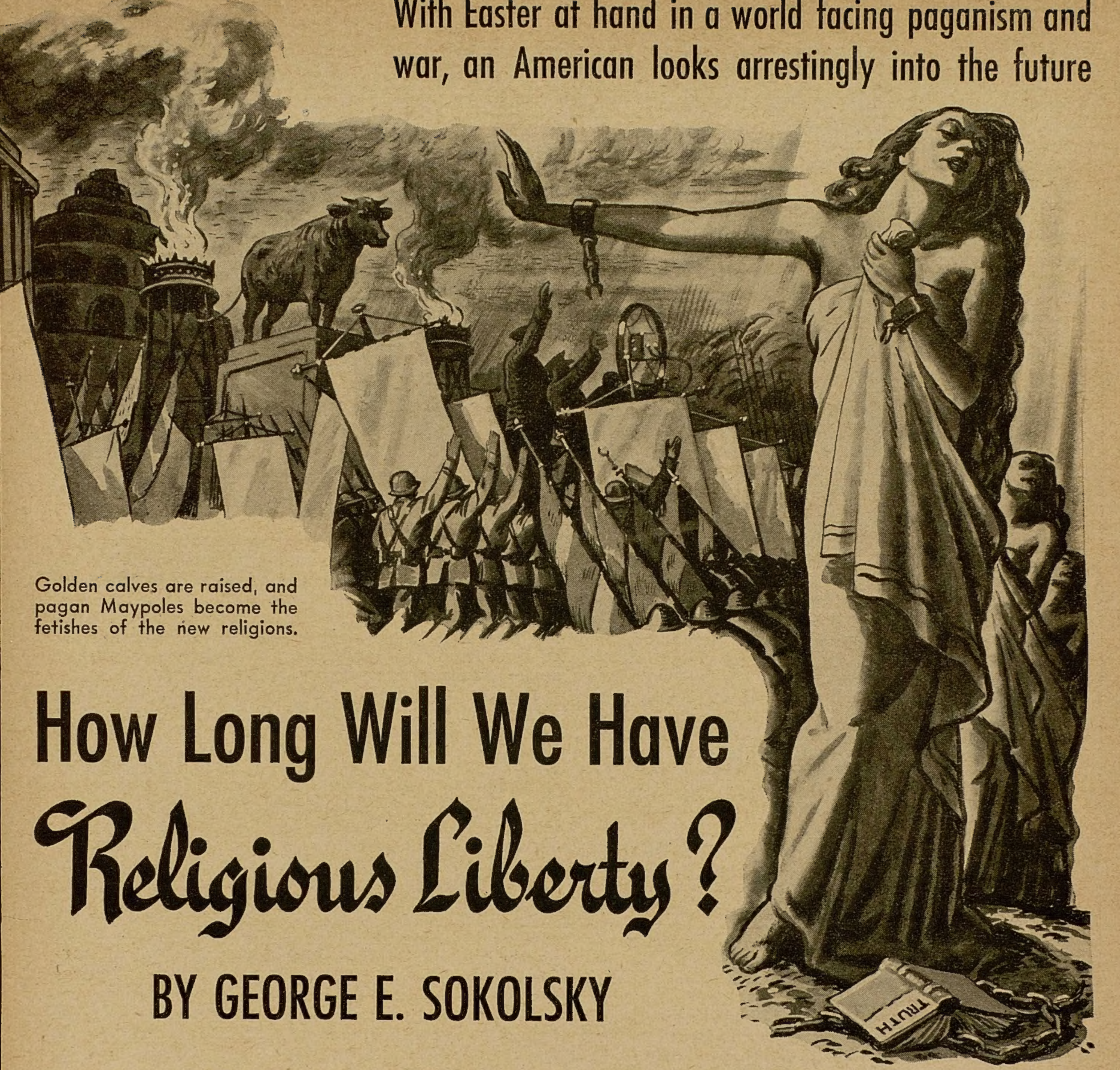
With Easter at hand in a world facing paganism and war, an American looks arrestingly into the future



Golden calves are raised, and pagan Maypoles become the fetishes of the new religions.

How Long Will We Have Religious Liberty?

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

RELIGIOUS freedom is disappearing. The intensity of nationalism in the modern State causes the dictators to want a oneness in everything. They would unify men and they would kill off every difference of thought and feeling. Therefore they insist upon one religion. In Soviet Russia and in Mexico they tried to kill off religion altogether. In Germany and Poland they desire a single state religion. In other countries it is a variation of this theme.

But the faith of man is deep in the traditions of his mother. And the love of man for his God is so powerful that it can withstand every assailant. And in the end faith will conquer despotism, belief will conquer arrogance, and religious freedom will again be the keystone in the arch of human rights.

Religious freedom was a new conception at the time of the French Revolution. It existed nowhere on the face of the earth, except in the newest nation, the United States of America.

Everywhere else the individual's right to worship God was limited by the power of the State. Men and women cleaved to their God—and suffered the consequences.

Usually men and women who followed their consciences rather than their princes were deprived of civil rights.

Even in England, it was 1829 before a Catholic could sit in Parliament; it was 1858 before a Jew could hold public office.

After the Protestant Reformation religious intolerance was as deep-seated as at any time in European history. It was the ruler, not the citizen, who decided how God was to be worshiped. If the ruler was Catholic, every one who lived in his State had to be a Catholic. If the ruler was a Protestant, every one had to be a Protestant.

Those who felt God's inspiration independently of the ruler suffered bitter privations. Many were killed; many were exiled. The United States was peopled in its early years by brave and God-loving men and women who hoped to be able to worship God as they chose to worship Him.

Puritans, Methodists, Quakers, Catholics, Jews, Huguenots, Mennonites, Ammanites—all sorts of people came to these shores because they believed in the right of each man to pray as he believed it was his right to pray to God. Here they built for themselves houses of worship, and when they formed for themselves "the more perfect union," as they called it, they made religious freedom a cardinal principle of national faith.

That was the most enlightened act of the American Revolution. For whereas other civil liberties may, at a moment, seem tremendously important, religious freedom opens the soul of man to the inspiration of faith. Without faith in God and, therefore, in himself, man is inevitably enslaved to the dark and poisonous forces of despair and selfishness.

Religious slavery is always accompanied by intellectual enslavement. It was casting aside the shackles of religious despotism and arrogance that opened the minds of the men and women of the nineteenth century to all the truths of man and nature.

Experiments in science, in medicine, in industrial and agricultural improvements became possible; the social and political sciences followed upon geology and chemistry and physics; psychology followed upon biology. Man began to know himself and the world in which he lived.

And for a time some men lost God in this process, and some set up false idols. But the great advance upon this earth from the day that religious freedom became an article of the American Constitution until the end of the Great War was the universal recognition of the truth that God is the Father of many different children—and that each of His children—each one—worships, loves, reveres, calls to Him in a different manner—each according to his faith—each according to his conscience.

It was Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, who established the first modern state upon this earth in which the State—government—was deprived of the right to meddle with the religion of the individual.

The battle for religious freedom has been continuous. Religious prejudice and arrogance gave way slowly, step by step—never quite conceding that faith in God is as personal as the act of marriage.

Many have confused religious tolerance with religious freedom, but the two are never alike. Religious freedom gives full rein to the individual to believe or not to believe, to have faith or not to have faith, each man as his conscience leads him.

RELIGIOUS tolerance admits that others may differ but that the State still determines how and what should be done about God. No man has stated the case against religious tolerance and for religious freedom better than Thomas Paine, who said:

"Toleration is not the *opposite* of Intolerance, but is the *counterfeit* of it. Both are despotisms. The one assumes to itself the right of withholding liberty of conscience, and the other of granting it."

Paine was an ardent deist, and he added:

"Were a bill brought into any parliament, entitled 'An Act to tolerate or grant liberty to the Almighty to receive the worship of a Jew or a Turk,' or 'to prohibit the Almighty from receiving it,' all men would startle and call it blasphemy."

And most of the progress between Waterloo and Sarajevo was in the direction not of freedom but of toleration. In most European countries state religions continued to exist and religious minorities were tolerated by the government.

Sometimes these religious minorities were not tolerated and pogroms occurred which outraged every sense of decency in men and women in free countries. Bands organized themselves, bands such as the Black Hundred in Czarist Russia, to ravage and kill religious minorities.

Nevertheless, before the war, there was hope that religious freedom, along with other democratic forms, would triumph over all the earth, that men would kneel to God, each in his own pew, but each as his own mind and heart dictated. There was hope even that the Christian sects might lead the way to a union of the churches of God in spiritual freedom. And now . . .

Bitter hatred stalks the world again. In Mexico, Catholics are persecuted. In Germany, Jew, Catholic, and Protestant taste the foul broth of state control and persecution. In Soviet Russia the Society of the Godless continues to teach a hatred of God and of God's word. In Poland, the Jew is being sent back into the ghetto. In Rumania, Haman has risen again in all his narrow vindictiveness and there is no Esther to safeguard her people.

Even in the United States, the mother of religious freedom, such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan have risen to inspire hatred for Catholic and Jew—and there are many others at work even more secretly to enslave the mind and the will of a God-loving people.

We are moving back into the age of enslavement. The sun of freedom shone upon us for about a century and now we are again turning into the valley of darkness. Whenever the State becomes supreme, the rights of men decrease before the expanding despotism of the State. Small men, who beg the people to elevate them to power, crack the whip of the despot upon the people's backs when power has become too strong a wine for them.

And the despots know that a people cannot be enslaved as long as the word of God sings songs of freedom to them. Who can trust in kings and princes who has read Samuel and Isaiah? Who can fail to foresee the doom of despotism who has gone into the Temple with Jesus of Nazareth in His revolt against the extortionists of power?

THE despots, then, first oppress religion. It is not a particular church or a particular religion that the despot hates. It is all religion, for faith in God forbids making a god out of a man, however powerful he may be. Faith in God makes it impossible for men and women to worship the gargoyle portraits of themselves which the despots set up in every highway.

Each despot grapples with God and believes that he has conquered because no miracle occurs to blast him off the face of the earth. Yet the miracle is there—the amazing miracle of the faith of man.

For twenty years now in Soviet Russia, in spite of ridicule and humiliation, the Easter service of the Christians and the Passover service of the Jews and the Ramadan of the Mohammedans have been observed. Each year Christmas and Yom Kippur have been observed. They laughed, the godless ones. But men and women worshiped and grew more brave, until now they worship again in the open, fearless because God has conquered even the blind hatred of the Marxians. The triumph of religion in Soviet Russia is evident every year in the increasing number of worshipers who no longer fear the raucous shoutings of the godless.

And in Germany, men and women go into concentration camps and prisons, but they do not compromise with the idolators. Golden calves are raised; pagan Maypoles become the fetishes of the new religions; Thor and Wotan are set up to snarl the soul of man, and Hitler vies with Hirohito in his sacredness. But the word of God is preached in cathedral and church and synagogue. And youth knows not where to turn, for if patriotism means to desert God, where is loyalty to be?

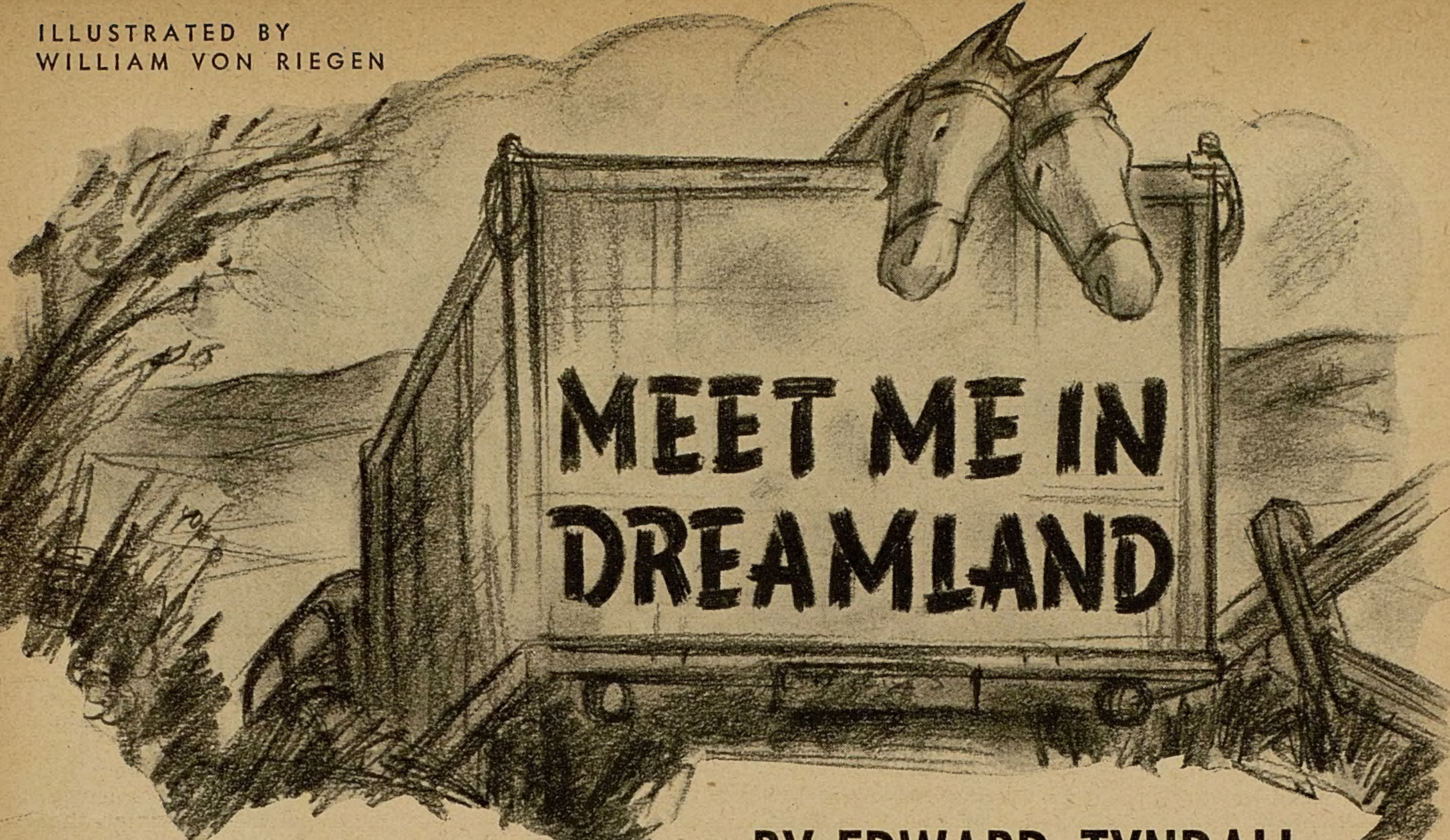
That is posed as a serious problem in Germany today, and Herr Rosenberg, knowing that man yearns for religious association, creates his own religion. He adopts the ancestor worship of the Chinese, and he says to German youth, "If you must have faith, have faith in your own ancestors." And who were their ancestors? Do they know? Is not the answer to that that God is the ancestor of all men—God is the Father of an eternal, an everlasting brotherhood of man?

So, wherever we turn today, we listen again to the sons of Belial. They turn upon us in anger and shriek, "Worship me!" and they erect images of themselves, and they force men to salute them and to cry out their names. And men do their bidding, for they are afraid.

Yet in their hearts there is a greater passion than fear: It is the passion of love—love of God, love of man. And these mighty dictators who would tear men and women from tradition and belief, and who set themselves up as mighty gods, these imitators of the giants who buy men's bodies—they never can control men's souls. For the soul of the man who has faith cannot be killed.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



MEET ME IN DREAMLAND

BY EDWARD TYNDALL

Blithe, droll, delirious! A jocund tale of the sport of kings in which a blue-eyed queen—But read it for yourself

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WHO'S coming? Who're you expecting?" I grumble, shooting Mary a look of annoyance. I am very easily annoyed when I'm working, especially when there's only two hours till track time and I still have to work out my selections for the sixth and seventh races. And nothing gets my goat more than to have somebody, particularly the wife, keep watching the clock. "Why do you keep looking at that clock?"

"I want to see what time it is," Mary replies.

"Not really?" I snort. "Some new idea, I suppose."

"Oh, there's nothing new about it," she advises, widening her eyes at me. "Everybody looks at clocks when they want to see the time. Besides, Mr. Jefferson Neely is coming. I told him positively to be here before one o'clock."

"Who?" I snort again. "Who's Mr. Jefferson Neely?"

"Why, everybody knows who he is," she informs me. "You see his signs everywhere. He's going to help us."

"Say, listen," I state suspiciously. "If you've got hold of some screwy horse player who you think is going to make my selections for me, you're crazy. For three years I've been making my own selections, and I won't—"

"And we haven't a home," Mary interrupts. "We haven't any more home than a prairie dog. For three years, Mr. John Thomas Clark, ever since I married you, and even before, you've been promising me a home."

"Well," I say, "I'll tell you what I'll do: If Blazing Bough comes in this afternoon in the second, I'll buy you something real nice."

"A home?"

"Well, practically a home. I've been looking at them and they're swell. I'll buy you a trailer. Trailers are just like houses, only better. We can hook it on to the coup and follow the circuit."

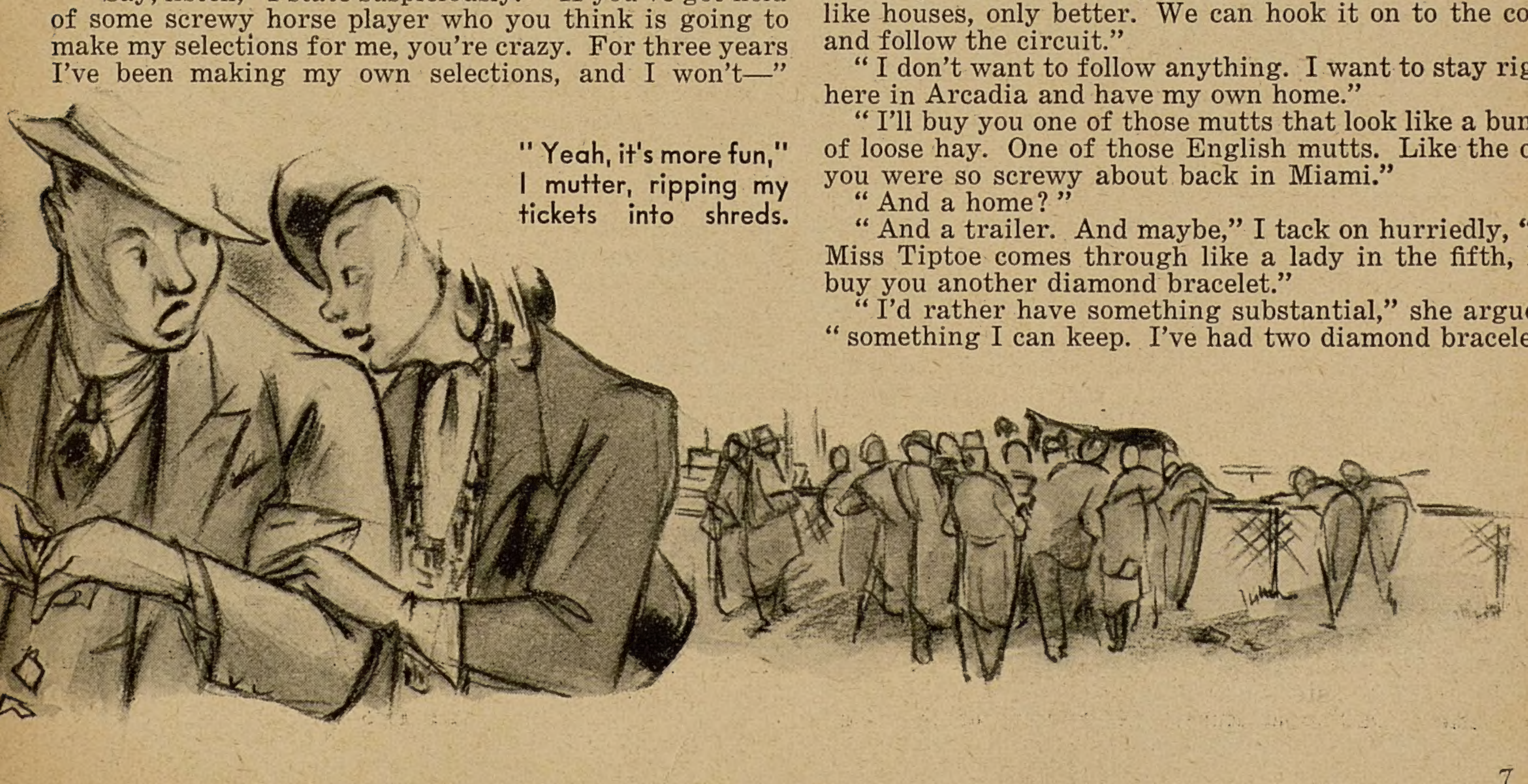
"I don't want to follow anything. I want to stay right here in Arcadia and have my own home."

"I'll buy you one of those mutts that look like a bunch of loose hay. One of those English mutts. Like the one you were so screwy about back in Miami."

"And a home?"

"And a trailer. And maybe," I tack on hurriedly, "if Miss Tiptoe comes through like a lady in the fifth, I'll buy you another diamond bracelet."

"I'd rather have something substantial," she argues; "something I can keep. I've had two diamond bracelets.



"Yeah, it's more fun," I mutter, ripping my tickets into shreds.

The last one you gave me in New Orleans I didn't have hardly a week."

"How was I to know," I mutter sheepishly, "that Evening Star thought it was fun to run backwards? Anyway," I go on, "some kinds of jewelry are unlucky."

"My sister always says," Mary agrees solemnly, "that it's only wedding rings."

I fling her a look to see how she means that, but I figure she's only quoting her sister. Her eyes are back on the clock.

"Mr. Jefferson Neely's signs say that he will help you find the right house," she offers.

"A real-estate guy!" I growl.

"A realtor," she corrects. "His signs—" Then the doorbell rings and Mary rises to answer it.

It's Mr. Jefferson Neely all right, and he barges straight into the living room. He's a tall skinny guy, in an old tweed suit with decidedly seat-sprung pants.

"How ye, brother?" he greets, following Mary's introduction and sticking out a paw nearly as big as a racing saddle. "How ye? Jefferson Neely, at your service. Harmony Homes, that's me. Harmony Homes for the Homeless. Huh?"

"Have it your way," I grunt.

"Well, let's not beat about the bush, brother," he continues, sprawling into an easy chair. "Jeff Neely never beats about the bush. What'll it be? Harmony Homes come in four styles: Near Spanish, Nearer Spanish, and Spanish. Five rooms, bath and kitchen tiled to match your wife's eyes, and we take back a second mortgage. The fourth style's for folks who don't cotton to Spanish. I call 'em my Dream Homes. Do you believe in dreams, brother?"

"Oh, I do!" Mary exclaims.

"You're a dream yourself, sister," he grins at her. "How do you interpret your dreams? Do you use one of those old dream books?"

"Interpret?" Mary echoes. "Oh, I just dream them."

"You should work 'em out, sister. You really should work 'em out," he insists. "Take, for instance, when you called me up yesterday. When you hung up, I turned to the little woman. 'Juliet,' I said, 'there's a little woman who's going to fall—who's going to buy one of my Dream Homes,' I said. And do you know how I knew, sister?"

"Now you've got her," I mutter.

He totally ignores me. "Well, sister, here's how I knew I was right: The night before, I had a dream. I dreamed about a king and a queen. Of a king and queen carrying bags of gold as they walked toward me. Now what would be your interpretation of that?"

"Twenty pinochle," I grunt.

"Wrong, brother. A king and queen mean two fine people. Bags of gold mean money. Walking toward me means money for me. Two fine people," he grins at Mary, "you and your husband. Money for me, the down payment—a mere fifteen hundred, sister—on a Dream Home."

"Oh, I think that's wonderful!" Mary ejaculates. "I don't see how you make it all fit so perfectly. I dream and I dream, but they never mean a thing. Only last night I dreamed of two Chinamen—"

"Two Chinamen?" Jeff Neely breaks in. "They had pigtails, didn't they, sister?"

"Oh, they did! Each of them had two pigtails."

"Two pigtails, you say? Each of them had two pigtails? There's a meaning there, sister, a real meaning. The hair of those pigtails, now, it was heavy and thick, wasn't it?"

"Oh, it was! I noticed that especially."

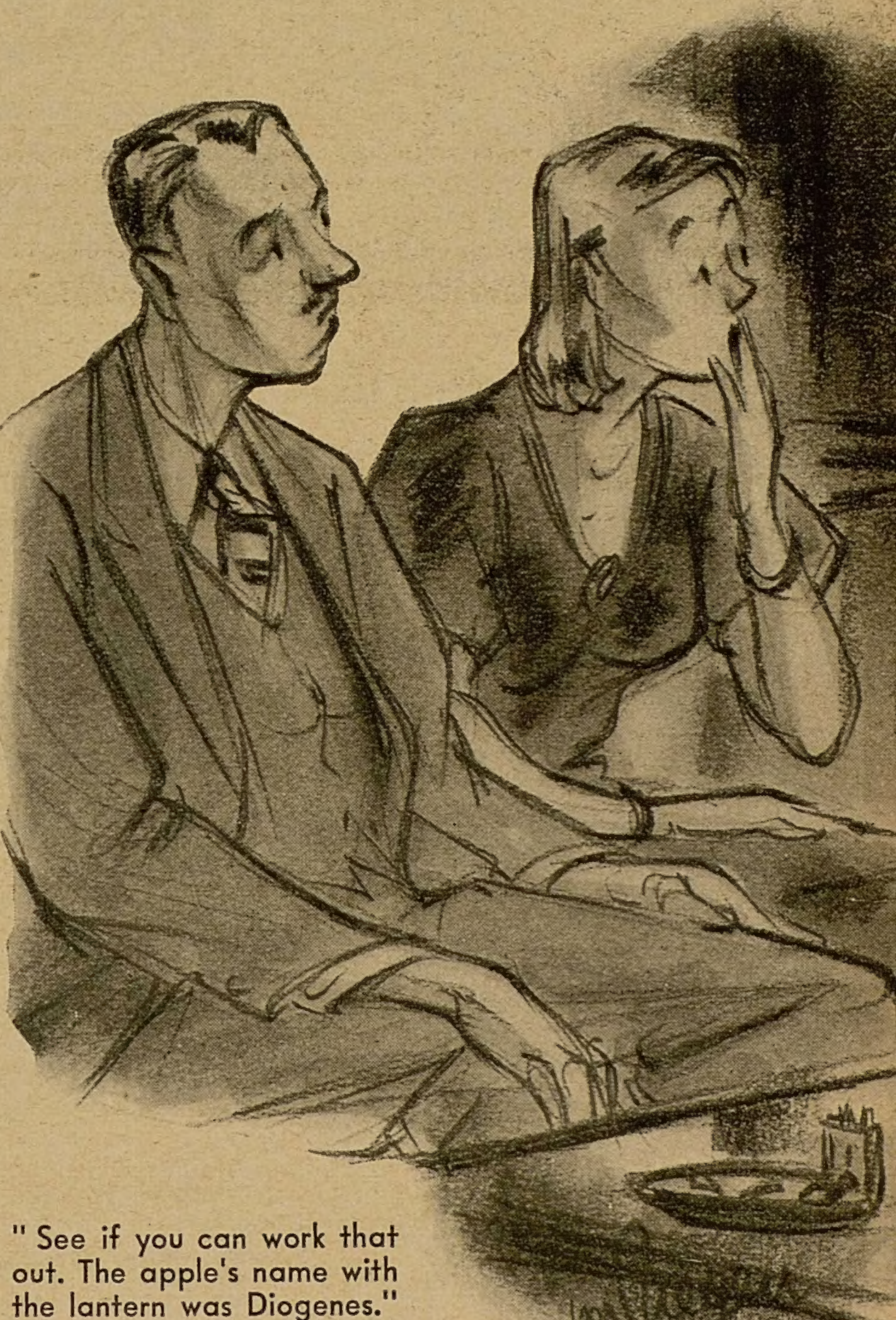
"Fine, sister, fine." He purses his lips and cocks his head to one side. Suddenly he looks up. "I've worked it out for you, sister. I've worked it out. Two pigtails of heavy, luxuriant hair mean a cold, unusual summer. An omen, sister. A warning for you to move at once into one of my snug, cozy Dream Homes. Unit heat and automatic hot water."

"Oh, Johnny, did you hear?" Mary cries. "And I dreamed it! Didn't I tell you we should buy a home? Didn't I tell you he would help us?"

"Listen," I bite off, getting to my feet and stuffing my racing form into my pocket with one hand and reaching for my hat with the other. "Listen. I had a dream myself last night. I dreamed that an old buck in a long white robe was walking around with a lantern peering into people's faces. He came up to a guy who looked like you, Neely, took a quick gander, turned around, and ran. See if you can work that one out. The apple's name with the lantern was Diogenes."

With that off my chest I stalk from the house, jump into our car, and beat it for the Santa Anita track. For three years now I've been following the circuit. I play them on form, and form's the only way. Follow those hunch players and system players and you'll end up sleeping with the horses.

I haven't made a lot of dough at it yet, but that's due to tough luck, not that I don't know how to pick 'em. As an example: A few months ago, back at Bowie, I have Riding High in the third and Fair Elsie in the fifth, and neither of them finish in the money. But not long ago, up at Bay Meadows, right here in California, those same two horses won every race they started. Which proves that I know how to pick 'em. I just happened to have them at the wrong time.


"See if you can work that out. The apple's name with the lantern was Diogenes."

To prove further that I know what I'm talking about, I pick a horse in all seven races and I win four. Two of the three I don't collect on are that Jeff guy's fault. His barging in while I was making my selections kind of upset me. The other one I lose on is just that old tough luck.

At that, though, winning four, I'm a little over two hundred bucks to the good on the day. I feel pretty swell about it and drop in at the showroom to look over those trailers once more. I tell the salesman I'll be around later for a demonstration.

When I get back to the bungalow Mary runs down the steps to greet me.

"Johnny," she cries, before I can open my yap, "Mr. Jeff showed me through one of his Dream Homes and it's marvelous! The kitchen is in turquoise blue. Mr. Jeff said it just matched my eyes. And you'd love the living room, Johnny. You'd love it. It has the cutest fireplace."

"That won't burn logs," I offer.

"Who wants it to burn messy old logs?" she retorts. "It's cute. And there's a built-in bookcase. Only it isn't a bookcase. You pull something and a bed comes out."

"Well, that's just dandy," I hoot. "So we're buying a trailer."

"Oh, Johnny!"

In the morning I get up early, as, due to one thing or a Dream Home, I didn't have a chance to work out my selections the night before. I'm drinking my third cup of coffee, and have my choices pretty well picked out, when Mary walks in. She has a funny look in her eyes.

"Johnny," she opens up breathlessly, "has the race track here a white fence?"

"Huh?" I return, startled. "A white fence? Sure."

"Has this race track any green grass?"

"Green grass? Sure," I answer, staring at her and wondering what now. "Lots of green grass."

"Then it's the place!" she exclaims excitedly. "It must be! You'll have to take me this afternoon. You'll just have to. You've never taken me to the track. Not once in three years, and—"

"O. K.," I break in testily, "I'll take you. But—"

"You're positive about the white fence, John?" she interrupts. "And the green grass? You're positive, aren't you, Johnny?"

"Certainly I'm positive. What's the idea?"

"The man who was beckoning to me was standing on green grass alongside of a white fence."

"What man?"

"Why, the man I dreamed about."

"I get it," I jeer. "So you want to go out to the track and see if you can find him."

"Don't be silly," she says. "The man won't be there. But the meaning will. The meaning of my dream will."

"Why don't you call up that Jeff?" I scoff. "It'll save you a lot of time. He'll tell you what your dream means, and it'll have something to do with buying one of his houses."

"Maybe it has, too," she nods solemnly. "I haven't worked it all out yet."

That's all I'm able to get out of her. In the car, going over to Santa Anita, suddenly she says:

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to help me, Johnny. I've worked it out that I'm supposed to go to the track, but I can't tell what for. . . . If a Spanish gentleman were to speak to you and say, '*Si, si,* madame. *Si, si,* madame,' how would you interpret that?"

"Me interpret? Say, listen—" I begin, but I check myself. After all, it won't do any harm to give her a little ribbing. "Do you think he was trying to give you a tip on a horse?" I ask instead.

"Oh, maybe he was!" she cries, clapping her hands.

"Well, that makes it a cinch," I say, as we drive through the gates and swing around into the parking space. "*Si* is the Spanish for yes. So all you'll have to do is to go up to each horse and ask him if he's going to win the race. The one that says yes, you bet on."

"Oh, you are silly," she storms. "You're just too silly for any words."

In exactly that wordless way we climb out of the car and walk into the grandstand. I find Mary a seat, hand her a program, and then go down and place my bet on the first race. When I return she's all over her mad.

"John," she exclaims, her blue eyes round with excitement, "I've worked it out! It's all right here in this! In this program!"

"That's great," I acknowledge absently, adjusting my glasses to the boy perched on the horse that I'm backing, as they go by the stands in parade.

"Look. It's right here." She thrusts her program before my face and points with a finger to a printed line on the page. "It's right here. And it fits perfectly."

I push her hand away, but for a moment my eyes rest on the line she is indicating. I read, "Clear Call." The name of a horse running in the second. I know all about the old skate. In his last fifteen starts he hasn't finished better than fourth.

"How do I bet?" Mary demands. "Quick, Johnny; tell me how I make a bet!"

"You don't. Not on that nag."

"Oh, but I do," she insists. "It's what the Spanish man meant in my dream. *Si, si*—C C—Clear Call. It fits perfectly."

"Listen," say I, patting her arm soothingly. "If you feel like making a little wager in the second, take Laughing Lady. She's my—"

"How do I bet on Clear Call?" she persists. "You'd better tell me or I'll ask somebody else."

"Oh, all right," I give in reluctantly. After all, what difference does it make? Laughing Lady is a cinch in that race, and I'll have ten bucks right on her nose. And Mary may as well be taught her lesson now as later.

"Now pay attention," I say rapidly, as the horses are lining up at the post and I don't want to miss the start. "You walk down in back of the stands and go up to a window with a big 2 over it. You tell the man behind it that you want to bet two dollars on Clear Call. Remember, no more than two bucks. There's a law against betting more on that horse. Then, if the guy doesn't faint when he hears the plug's name, he'll give you a ticket. You keep the ticket until after the race—then you tear it up."

Mary dances away and I rivet my attention on the starting gate. They break well and my selection is off with the leaders. At the quarter pole he pulls out in front, and from there in, nobody even comes close. It's a walk-in finish. I'd doped that one on form.

I wait for the numbers to flash out on the board, and when the red lights go on that make it official, I stroll down to cash in. Mary is standing by the railing leading to the two-dollar window chinning with some fat guy. She looks up and waves.

"Johnny," she calls out, running to meet me, "you were mistaken about there being a law that you could only bet two dollars on Clear Call. The man behind the window said there ought to be, but it hadn't been passed yet. So I bought ten tickets."

"You what?" I holler, glaring at her.

"I bought ten tickets," she repeats. "And the funniest thing happened, Johnny," she rushes on, while I'm trying to think up something to call her. "There was a little old fat man standing right behind me, and he must have heard me order my tickets, because he tapped me on the shoulder and whispered in the squeakiest voice, 'Do you know anything, baby?'"

"To which you replied '*No!*'" I yap.

"Don't be silly," she giggles. "When I found out what he meant, I told him about my dream and just how I'd worked it out. He told me that he had a dream too. Only his dream was about snakes. And he wanted me to interpret it for him. I opened my program, and right there in the third race was a horse named Whisky. Do you think I'll be able to work out dreams for other people, John? Like Mr. Jeff? Do you think I will?"

"Blah!" I snort, stalking away. I place thirty dollars on Laughing Lady, instead of my usual ten, to hedge on Mary's screwy bet.

We manage to get to our seats without me laying a hand on her.

THEY'RE ready to go in the second; except for Laughing Lady. She's cutting up so, that two of the assistant starters are having to hold her. Finally they break, and right there my old tough luck begins. As they come out of the gate, that fool boy up on Laughing Lady cuts her sharply with his bat. Instead of straightening out for her run, she does a bucking act. Throws her boy, and practically ruins two other horses. Out of that scramble only three get away clean. The one in front, leading all the way, is Clear Call.

There's no use telling Mary it's just dumb luck; she wouldn't believe me.

"What do I do now?" she shrills. "What do I do now? Do I tear up my tickets like you said?"

"No, you don't tear them up," I grind out through clenched teeth. "You take them back and a man will give you two hundred and thirty bucks."

"Two hundred and thirty!" she squeals. "Two hundred and thirty dollars! All that for only a little dream? Oh, Johnny, isn't it fun? Isn't it just more fun!"

"Yeah, it's more fun," I mutter, turning my back and ripping my tickets on Laughing Lady into shreds.

"You'll have to get my money for me," she babbles. "I'm going to stay right here and see if I've interpreted that little fat man's dream correctly."

I'm so low that I leave to do her bidding without a comeback. However, before reaching the pay-off window I'm feeling some better. Sheer luck like that can't happen often. So, determined to show Mary that the only way to be a consistent winner is to play them on form, and also to get back the dough I dropped, I put down fifty bucks on my choice.

I get into an argument with some silly guy who'd had Clear Call in the last race. He'd picked her from the form sheet too. So I don't get to see them run. But when I hear them thundering across the finish I sprint for the paddock. The third-race results are going up on the tote board. It's Whisky. First.

Mary and that fat guy are over by the fence jumping up and down, as though his winning had been backed by one drop of reason. I plod through the crowds and hand Mary her dough. She and her fat friend are having such a time with themselves that she scarcely notices me. In utter disgust, I stalk away, and over in back of the clubhouse I do a very foolish thing: I dope the next four races all over again. In three years I never did a thing like that before. It shows how upset I am. From the record of past performances, weights, and time trials I select four new horses.

Not a single one of them comes through!

Mary is waiting in the car for me after the meet.

"Wasn't it wonderful!" she hails me joyously. "Wasn't it just simply wonderful that Whisky won! It proves that I can interpret other people's dreams too."

"Or something," I snap savagely.

The next morning, almost before my eyes are open, I am told of another dream. This one is about a fruit peddler. With that to go on and the race program for helpful hints, she picks Hardy Apple in the fifth. That afternoon he comes in, paying $25.80 for a two-dollar ticket. Mary has ten of them.

Her slumbers the next night produce a little boy who catches a couple of fish. One fish weighs three pounds and the other four. This kind of stumps her for a while; but when she meets up with her fat friend, they work it out as the daily double. Back the 3 and 4 combination—and collect.

It goes on that way for almost a week. Mary dreams and bets and wins. I dope them out on form, and don't. I'm upset—that's the reason. Then one day she refuses to go to the track. I don't think much about it at first, except to be glad that she's quit making those fool bets. But after she's declined to go for three consecutive days, I begin to wonder. Then I begin to worry. I didn't notice before, but Mary isn't looking so hot. She's looking kind of all in.

"What's the matter with you?" I ask on the morning of the fourth day. "You look like the devil."

"Oh, Johnny," she moans, "I can't dream! For three nights I haven't dreamed of a single thing."

"Well," say I, greatly relieved that there's nothing else wrong, "that's too bad. What's the matter with your fat pal? Can't he dream either?"

"He's gone away. Oh, Johnny," she groans, "I ate dill pickles and cheese and lobster—after you'd gone to sleep—to try to make myself dream, but it didn't do any good. And—and just when I almost had money enough to buy Mr. Jeff's Dream Home with the turquoise-blue kitchen. Oh, Johnny, it's terrible!"

"Well, now, isn't that just too bad," say I again.

I call up a doctor, and after he arrives and endorses my belief that all she has is an old-fashioned bellyache, I go down to the track and tend to my business. And business is excellent. I have five winners out of six starts. Which shows that I am back in stride. Which shows that I can pick 'em.

I stop off to look over that trailer before I go home, and from the way I'm hitting 'em it won't be long until I have it hooked on to the old coup. But there's still a fly under my blanket. Mary's dreams. She'll dream again, of course, and she won't be satisfied when she gets enough dough together to buy that house either. She's thinking now, the same as all those crazy hunch players, that she's

got something, and she'll keep on until she's wearing cotton stockings. The worst of it is that when she's making those fool bets she gets me so upset that I can't pick 'em.

Out of the blue I get an idea. If I can prove to Mary that her dream betting is cockeyed, she'll quit. She's rattlebrained and all that, but not stupid. I pull off to the side of the road and haul out my form sheet. What I want to do is select a horse, or even a couple of horses, in tomorrow's race that can't possibly win. Then I'll think up some kind of a nutty dream and tell it to Mary. As she believes she can interpret them for other people, she will work out mine. Of course with my help so that there won't be any slip. Finally I decide upon a couple of nags—one in the first race and one in the second. Neither of them have ever won in their lives. And never will. The horse I pick for her in the first race, Backhander, has a post position or mutuel number of 4. In the second I select one whose number is 9. It so happens, too, that those are the two races on tomorrow's card in which you can play the double. That fact, plus the combination of numbers, gives me the idea for a phony dream.

In the daily-double bet you have to select the winner in both races. You buy a ticket with the two numbers of your choice combined on it, and if either horse fails to come in, you're out of luck. I think up a dream that fits the numbers 4 and 9 and drive home snickering to myself.

Mary is in bed. She'd taken some sleeping medicine that the doctor left her, in hopes of having a nice dream. But I guess something was wrong, because she doesn't dream a thing. Or at least that's what she tells me the first thing in the morning.

"I didn't dream, Johnny," she wails. "I didn't dream!"

"Well, don't let it worry you," I say consolingly. "Stop fretting about it. I had a dream, and maybe you can work it out for me."

"Oh, what?" she cries, instantly brightening.

"Well," I say, hiding a grin, "it don't mean much to me. I dreamed about the number seven."

"Seven?" she echoes. "A seven-pound fish? That—"

"No, it wasn't a seven-pound fish. It was only the number seven. But I dreamed about it seven nights in succession."

"Seven nights in succession?"

"Yup, seven nights. The number seven, seven times. Seven times seven."

"Johnny, that's a number! Seven times seven is a number!"

"Why, so it is!" I agree, feigning surprise. "So it is. Seven times seven is a number. You don't think it could mean the daily double, do you?"

"Oh, that's just what it means!" she exclaims, giving me a hasty squeeze. "It's the daily double! And it will be extra lucky because you dreamed it."

"There's no doubt about that," say I, chuckling inwardly and congratulating myself on how easily I'd put it over.

We go out to the track in the afternoon, and as I don't want Mary to notice that I'm not backing the 4-and-9 combination myself, I duck her as soon as I can. When the first race, a six-furlong handicap, gets under way, I'm standing by the clubhouse fence.

Backhander, the No. 4 horse, the one I'd made up the dream about, starts poorly and is in next to last place after the break. I follow him into the back stretch, and then, as he's still in the ruck, I focus my glasses on my own selection, the favorite, who is heading the field and running easily. They come into the home turn pretty well bunched, except for Backhander. He's just humping along in the rear.

Then the thing happens.

As they round the turn, the lead horse swings wide, and that plug Backhander shoots through on the rail. Backhander moving fast. Challenging the favorite! I feel the sweat dripping from my nose. It's a hot day but not that hot. Twenty yards from the judges' stand! Backhander making his bid! They pound across the finish, their muzzles on a line.

Five hundred guys let up a squawk. They're hollering that the favorite was sponged. I think so myself, and I'm yelling to get the vet. The winning number is flashing on the board.

It isn't 4. It's 5. The favorite. My horse!

I'm so tickled that I don't even offer to fight when sixteen guys crack me on the back. Form did it. Form picked the winner. Form picked the loser. On form you can always be positive.

When the second race is run I don't care, much, that I don't have the winner. True, it was just tough luck. But No. 9, the other nag I'd picked for Mary, comes in after the dust. And that's something. It knocks that dream betting into next week. With two losers, Mary will know that she can't pick winners from dreams. She'll lay off betting now, and leave it to some one who knows how.

Then, for some reason or other, I suddenly feel like a heel. Mary has been trying to get something. Trying the only way she knows how. She wants a home. And I guess she has one coming to her. I'd played her a dirty trick; I'd taken advantage through my superior knowledge. So, without further ado, and leaving the car in the parking space for Mary to drive home, I hop a bus and run over to Arcadia. I hunt up that Jeff, and although I haven't all the dough he wants for a down payment on that Dream Home with the turquoise-blue kitchen, I make him a proposition that he accepts. Then I go back home and wait for Mary.

AFTER about an hour she walks in. Spots me sitting there and runs over and throws herself in my lap.

"Oh, Johnny!" she cries, winding her arms around my neck. "You're just the sweetest thing!"

"I'm not so bad," I agree, grinning, thankful that I'd bought the house. "So you saw that Jeff, eh?"

"He was waiting for me," she nods. "That's what kept me so long. I made him take it back."

"I thought you liked that house with the blue kitchen," I say, surprised and a little disappointed.

"Oh, I do!" she admits. "But not nearly as well as I do the other—now. I dashed down there as soon as I cashed in, and the—"

"Cashed in on what?" I ask.

"On my tickets, silly," she answers. "On my daily-double tickets."

"Look," say I, unwinding her arms from my neck and straightening up. "Didn't you bet on my—my dream?"

"Of course. And I got a brown kitchen to match your eyes. If it hadn't been for you I never would have won all that money."

"You bet on my dream?" I say, gaping at her. You bet on the 4-and-9 combination—and won?"

"What 4 and 9?" she returns. "You told me you dreamed about the number seven, seven times. And seven times seven is fifty-six. So I bet on the 5 and 6 just—"

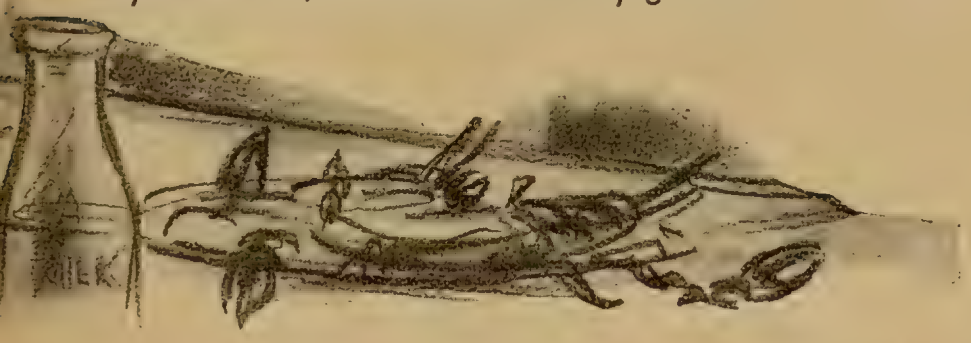
"Oh," I mutter. "So seven times seven is fifty-six?"

"Of course. Didn't you think I could multiply? But come see what I bought with part of the money I won." She jumps up, grabs my hand and pulls me over to one of the front windows. There at the curb, hooked on to the back of our coup, is the trailer.

"It's just like the one you wanted," she giggles, hugging me again. "Only with a brown kitchen. And oh, Johnny," she rushes on, "just think! We can go from track to track, and one of us can drive and the other can ride in the trailer and dream."

THE END

"I ate pickles, cheese, and lobster to make myself dream, but it didn't do any good."



What is the truth about that Gable-Tay

WHAT I THINK OF Clark Gable

BY ROBERT TAYLOR

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IF you deliberately set out to get yourself punched in the nose in Hollywood, the easiest way would be to walk up to almost any man or woman in the picture business and quietly announce, "Clark Gable is a heel."

They'll all tell you Clark is "the grandest guy in the world." Ask them why, and they will say simply, "Because." They will point out how easy he is to meet, how quickly he will take your troubles as his own and help you solve them. Only eight or ten people, though, know him well enough to add anything else to the explanation.

It is my good luck to be one of them. He's a tough guy to know intimately; easy to have as a congenial friend. He's "Hiya!" to every one he meets, but beneath this superficial friendliness is another, more interesting fellow.

Four years ago, when I started in pictures, I didn't think I'd ever be one of Clark's friends. I was just a punk kid trying to crowd into a man-size industry, and Clark was then, as he is now, right up at the top.

Getting my contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was the first job I had ever had. Naturally, I was anxious not to fail. I had heard that few come back in Hollywood after a failure. But where could a college undergraduate get advice?

One day I saw Gable in the studio commissary. A sudden inspiration came to me. I thought, If anybody knows this racket, it's Gable. From oil fields and lumber camps to first-ranking Hollywood star—he could tell me what chances to take. And he looks like a nice friendly guy. So I went over and introduced myself. What he told me in the next few minutes about taking things easy and hitting at the right moment was the best advice I could have had.

"And if there's anything further," he said, "let me know. I'll tell you all I can."

Those tips he let me have turned out to be excellent ones. We'd meet on sets or along one of the studio streets and stop to talk for a minute, and that started a sort of friendship that turned into the real thing for me before long. Now we ride a lot together, and on those rides, and in many evenings spent quietly talking in front of his fireplace or mine, I've come to know him as a real person.

Because, like the marines, he always has the situation in hand—no matter what the situation is—Clark has built for himself a personality every one knows: that of a smiling hail fellow, absolutely assured about himself and life. He goes barreling around the studio, remembering the first names of people he's met only once, yelling down the street at an acquaintance. His progress through the commissary is a series of stops at maybe fifteen tables before he gets to his own.

He's showman enough not to do things with showmanship; the very fact that he hasn't any actorish traits, that he makes every one he meets forget he's a star, labels him as pretty unique in this town.

Realizing that you are a public figure and accepting the knowledge with neither conceit nor unseeming modesty is difficult business. I think, with Gable, the effect gets over because he's always got an answer—to which there's usually no reply—for everything.

He knows how to handle crowds, too, so that not only people who know him around the studio but the public stanchly insist he's the most admirable star in Hollywood. A Metro official I know tells the story of the time he was with Gable in New York. They discovered every entrance of the hotel was swirling with waiting fans except a small back door, which was guarded by only a few people. Clark and the official elected to go out that way, and did, but the four or five fans there set up a howl, attracting half of New York.

The mob caught up as the two men hurled themselves into a cab. Half a block away a red signal stopped them and the pack surrounded the cab.

Gable made motions that he was in a hurry and would they please wait until later, and his friend snapped the locks on the doors. But the crowd wouldn't move and even began to get a little angry. "Autographs *now,*" they ultimatumed, "or the cab goes over!" And it began to tilt.

I think almost any one else would have begun hollering for the police at that point. But Gable was outside in two seconds; and he stood on the street corner for an hour and a half, signing books. When he finally went on, late for the theater and without his dinner, the crowd cheered him.

It's this Gable, then, that you think about when you see his pictures or catch a glimpse of him driving past. But the Gable I know is the man without an audience, and the curtain, like a window shade, that he keeps pulled in front of him is gone.

This is a reserved, often moody fellow, serious about his work, amoral in attitude, completely vital but with

feud'? Last week in Liberty Mr. Gable spoke his mind. Here's the rest of the story

a tendency to dream a little at odd moments. He hates formality and when it's forced upon him he'll sulk, as anybody would. He's usually pleased with life; he ought to be. He's got everything. But when he's irritated, it's a monumental irritation; and when he's sore, you know it. He sees to that.

Where he goes, things happen. There's such a surplus of vitality in him that there's enough to energize the people around him, I think. Everything about him is so big—his spirit, his voice, the way he does things—that you can trace his progress anywhere. His car roars through town; all of his neighbors know when he comes home because the hills shake to the sound of his singing The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze. Dull parties revive when he comes in.

Sometimes, though, he'll come over to my place, dump himself into a chair, and say, "I feel low today." In most cases an onion sandwich and a can of cold tomatoes with salt and pepper on them will start him out of it, and a long ride will do the rest.

But if he comes barging into your house sometime—and don't be surprised if he does—be warned not to treat him with any formality. There's a trapper and his family who live in a little shack in Arizona; they're pretty isolated, never read the papers or go to the movies, and all they know about Gable is that he's a city man who comes to visit them occasionally.

He drops in unexpectedly in the middle of the night, his car packed with equipment. So the trapper's wife gets up and rousts the kids out of their bed—"That man's here again," she explains. The children crawl in with poppa, and Clark takes over the vacated bedroom. They don't even change the sheets for him.

Although he'd rather pull his car to pieces with his friend, the garage mechanic, or eat onion sandwiches and canned tomatoes, he can, when necessary, handle crowds like an expert.

The family understands that he's probably rich, because of the car, but that makes no difference; he's not a dude and he can shame the old man with the traps.

These, and a few others of the sort, are his friends, and as a group they represent a reflection of his personality. There's the cook in a little hash house near the studio whom he's known for years; there's the garage mechanic who helps him pull his car to pieces twice a week, and put it together again; and there's the wardrobe department employee who tags along with Clark's changes of shoes from set to set. He likes to hunt, so Gable takes him along occasionally on a trip.

These people accept him as one of them, which he is, essentially; they don't believe in the worldly star who speaks brilliantly with other friends in a richer and more cultivated world. That Gable exists, too.

It's hard to be detached in a discussion of a person who has done everything in the world for you without apparent reason. I'm still a little amazed. Gable from the beginning thought I was getting a bad break in various roles and kept campaigning about it.

Naturally, if he has faults, I have no interest in investigating them.

He's a man's man basically, and obviously a lady's man when that's called for. His passion for being out of doors is based not only on a physical claustrophobia (he can't stand small rooms or crowds of people) but on a loathing of being boxed in spiritually or mentally. Lock him up in a closet and he'll go crazy; fence in his attitudes, his ideas, and he's immersed in gloom.

It's hard to get him into a fight. Once badgered into battle, though, he'll finish it—unless he decides he's in the wrong.

Clark is honest with himself in every situation. I have been honest, too, in my discussion of him. If he doesn't like it he'll let me know—but I think it will interest him.

Whatever his reaction may be to what I have written here, I must summarize by saying that knowing him is like hitting the jack pot in friendship.

THE END

1938'

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

If you are a major-league baseball player, the fans expect you to be not only a good hitter and a fine fielder, but a Grade-A prophet. No matter where I go, I am tackled with the same old question: Who's going to win those pennants? If I say, "Listen, feller; your guess is as good as mine," they give me a funny look. Certainly it's all a matter of guesswork. Injuries can tear a team to pieces. Look what happened to the Tigers in 1936 and again in 1937.

If we have a normal run of luck, I think the Yankees will get a chance to beat the Giants for the third straight time.

Of course it takes a really great team to win three pennants in a row. But I am sure we have that kind of a club. Here are some of the things the fans should keep in mind in sizing up the prospects for this season just beginning:

In the first place, this gang of Yankees is one happy family, all the players heading in one direction. I don't want to get too personal, but it is a well known fact that on some clubs there are cliques. There are political gangs and the boys pull in two or three directions. Sometimes certain stars are the reason. Sometimes the manager isn't in so good. Quite often you hear that the players' wives are behind the trouble. The last I get from other folks. I don't have a wife of my own and wouldn't know in a direct way.

This matter of cliques very often tears a manager to pieces. But on the Yankees we have the greatest manager in baseball. Joe McCarthy knows how to handle men. He knows how to rub his club, on and off the field. And he watches everything. Then, of course, the New York club has a marvelous organization. It's good to know that behind you there is Newark, also Kansas City. And the Ruppert checkbook, too.

The Yankees can drive in runs. They have great pitching, they have speed. And don't forget prestige. When the Yanks walk into a ball park they do something to those other guys.

I like the Giants in the National League because they are tough to beat. They never beat themselves. And they have the pitching. They got a real star last season in the left-hander Melton. They have an airtight infield and a fine outfield. This Danning kid is going to give them plenty of oomph behind the bat, too.

I am not overlooking the Cardinals, who played the Yankees a series during the St. Petersburg training season. Frank Frisch has a club with fine possibilities. The Gas-House Boys have punch and fight—and color. I don't see where the Cubs and the Pirates have improved themselves.

In the American League, my hunch is to keep your peepers on Cleveland. With Oscar Vitt in there, watch the improvement.

Naturally, the Tigers—with Rudy York, Hank Greenberg, and Charley Gehringer, some dandy young pitchers, and fine management—are going to be tough, too. Especially if Schoolboy Rowe pulls a comeback. But the Indians, with young Bobby Feller, will have to be watched. They are especially tough in their own park.

As the pennant season gets started, the experts are guided a lot by what happened during the training season. Take my word for it, spring training is not an advertising stunt. It costs the clubs something like $500,000, and they don't spend that kind of dough without a very strong reason.

Naturally, spring training is soaked in publicity. And certainly that is very important. Without publicity the major leagues would be about as successful as a peanut stand. But training seasons are gone through because the players actually need all that work.

Every once in a while something happens to make the fans sure that training is just a publicity stunt. Lou Gehrig, for instance, hopped off a train, squinted up at the sun, and slammed the first ball pitched to him over the right-field fence. I did pretty well myself the first few days. The writers then sent back yarns kidding training, and the customers were more convinced than ever that it was all a gag.

I was talking about this very thing not so long ago with Joe McCarthy, our manager, and Art Fletcher, coach. Joe and Art told me that years ago ball clubs spent the first four weeks of the pennant season getting into shape. Then the magnates began to realize that they weren't giving the fans a fair shake, and started to build up this spring-training business.

It seems that until 1886 nobody ever gave preliminary conditioning for ballplayers a thought. Then Cap Anson, who was running the Chicago club, got the idea that it would be great to take his players to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and boil them out. But it wasn't until 1896, when Manager Hanlon, of the Baltimore Orioles, took his team to Macon, Georgia, that spring training really took hold.

If the fans who think that training is mostly publicity would stagger through a few days of work in a place like St. Petersburg, Florida, where the Yankees have been doing their preliminary work for the last fourteen

BASEBALL SURPRISES

BY JOE DI MAGGIO

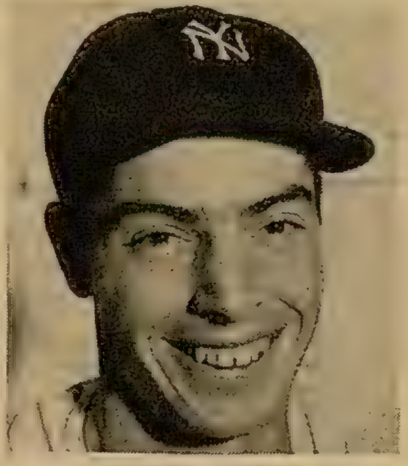
From behind the scenes . . The game's most sensational player gives you the lowdown on what to look for this year

years, they soon would change their minds. The first week is terrific. The writers ask how you feel, and you smile and tell them, "Great!" But your muscles ache. At night you are too tired to sleep. Sometimes you go at it too hard at the start and you pull a charley horse or get a sore arm.

As soon as you start spring training you place yourself under the rules which govern the players all through the regular season. You are supposed to be in bed by midnight, to be through with breakfast at nine, to take it easy at mealtimes. Some of the managers watch what their players eat and go over the meal checks. But Joe McCarthy relies on the honor system. Of course, some of the boys eat more than others, just because their bodies require more fuel. I am one of this class. I can destroy the groceries pretty good. But I watch the scales.

You work in a spot for about a month. Then you pay your bills, say good-by to your friends, get into a rattler and start making those one-day stands. You ride into Texas, into Oklahoma, Arkansas, across to Georgia—that is, if you are one of the Yankees. Finally you arrive in Brooklyn, and the next thing you know, the season is on and the averages begin to mean something.

In short, training is one part publicity and nine parts work, without which you could not have the kind of competition you get in the big leagues today.



JOE DI MAGGIO

One of the most important elements in this year's pennant race is the ball. The National League has been hitting a new type of ball which is somewhat slower than the one used in 1937. In the American League we thought we were using a few new styles of ball. It seems that the league is experimenting with them, with the idea of changing the ball for 1939.

Why they want to fool around with that ball is a mystery to me. I might have some personal interest in the ball, because in 1937 I hit it out of the park forty-six times to lead the major league in home runs. They pay off big on those four-baggers, and I want nothing done to handicap me.

But, seriously, I think the ball we had in our league last season is perfect. We had record crowds, the magnates made plenty of dough. Why change? America wants action today for its money, and anything you do to prevent that will mean poor business.

I think that the stuff about a dead ball is mostly gab. They tell me that tests in the baseball factory show that the National League ball is less than one per cent deader than ours. If you meet that ball and put the wood on it, it will go as far and as fast as the old ball. There might be some difference on grounders. But those things don't interest me.

In both leagues, this year, watch out for the changes around second base. In the American League, the Tigers are set with Charley Gehringer, who is the greatest second baseman the game has seen in many years. The White Sox have Jack Hayes. But all the other clubs have been experimenting with new second sackers, one of them being Joe Flash Gordon of the Yankees.

In the National League, Tony Cuccinello of the Boston Bees, Billy Herman of the Cubs, Lee Handley of the Pirates, and Greek Kampouris of the Reds look set. But four clubs have been making changes at the position, which has made the training-camp news very interesting.

I think we are going to see a lot of new pitching wonders. Keep an eye on this Feller kid with Cleveland. He has it. He is fast, big, strong, has the heart, and can throw a quick curve with any of them. This boy can come close to averaging a strike-out an inning. If he can get over the idea that he is supposed to fan every batter who comes up, Feller will become a real pitcher instead of a thrower, and then it will be very sad for the hitters of the seven other clubs.

Some of the boys think that as Feller gets more experience and control he won't be so dangerous. As it was last season, you did not dare take a toe hold on this kid because you had to be very loose around that plat He was so wild, any pitch might get you in the noggin, and then—by-by. You know what happened to Hank Leiber, of the Giants, when he dug in on Bobby in an exhibition game last season. A fast ball got Hank in the head and he pretty near cashed in.

As Feller gets control, fear of being hit in the head will be cut down. But don't forget that he will have more stuff, his curve will be better, he will know the hitters. Yes, it's a good idea to watch this nineteen-year-old wonder very closely.

In our league, Rudy York, the home-run-swatting catcher of the Detroit club, will get plenty of attention. Until Mickey Cochrane got a skull fracture in the Stadium last summer, York was just another guy by the name of Rudy hanging around with no place to go. But when Mickey got off the catching list and York was changed from an infielder into a receiver, he began to murder that ball. In August he hit eighteen homers, beating the record of seventeen for one month made by Babe Ruth back in 1927. With York and Hank Greenberg powdering that ball, the Tigers will be plenty tough.

The bird to watch very closely in the National League is Joe Medwick, left fielder of the Cardinals. Last season he was the wonder of that circuit and was selected as the most valuable player. And, of course, everybody will be watching Dizzy Dean, who is making a comeback. And Schoolboy Rowe as well. Dizzy and Rowe had sore arms last season and didn't do very much.

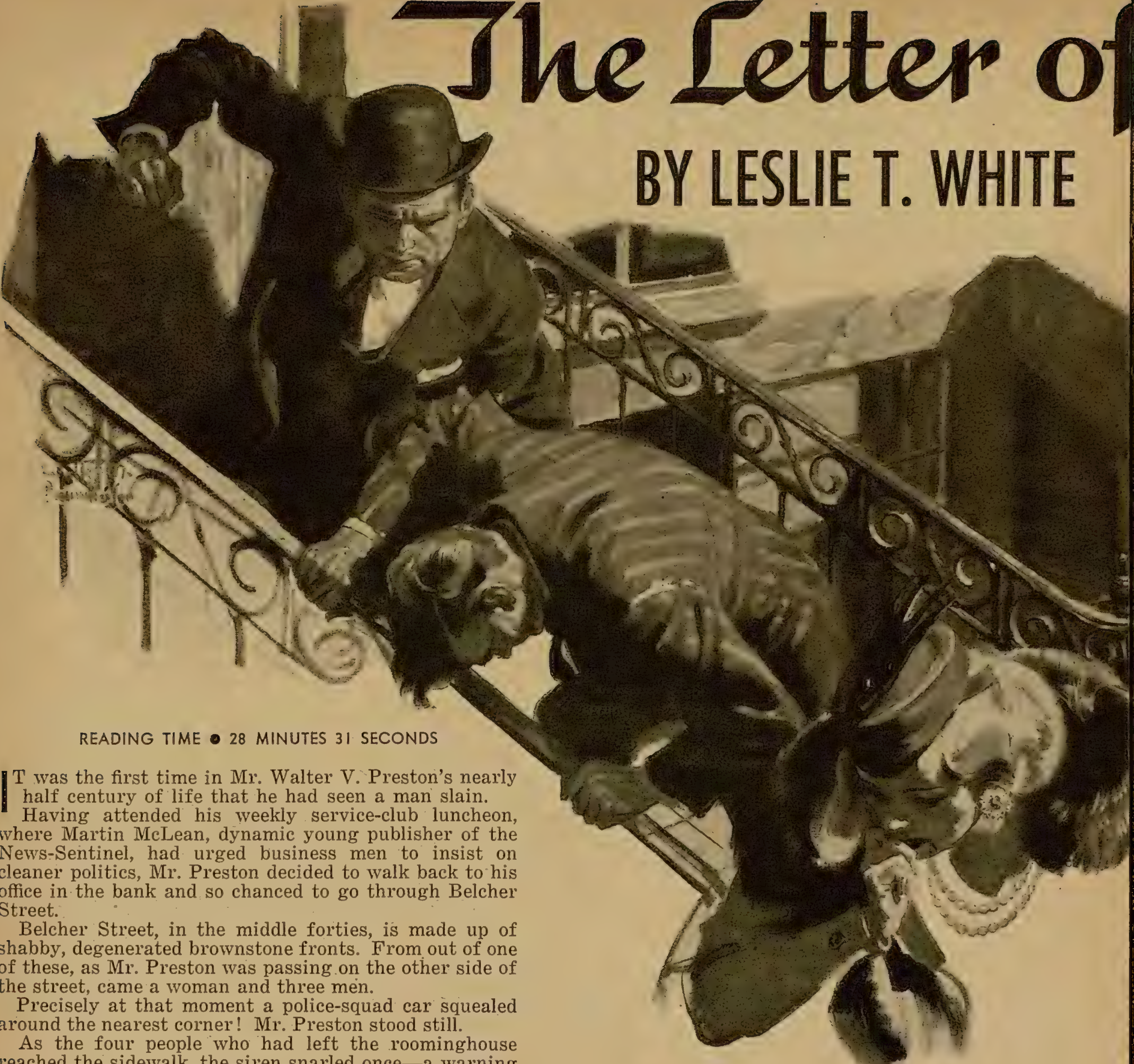
There are a lot of new faces on every club, and that means bigger interest and, I think, a tougher fight all around.

The starting gun has been fired—the season's on—it's any man's guess who'll come out on top. But the wise fan has been watching and studying the signs—and if he's smart he'll be able to say when the World Series rolls around, I told you so!

THE END

The Letter of

BY LESLIE T. WHITE



The detective pirouetted and leaped on his man.

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

IT was the first time in Mr. Walter V. Preston's nearly half century of life that he had seen a man slain.

Having attended his weekly service-club luncheon, where Martin McLean, dynamic young publisher of the News-Sentinel, had urged business men to insist on cleaner politics, Mr. Preston decided to walk back to his office in the bank and so chanced to go through Belcher Street.

Belcher Street, in the middle forties, is made up of shabby, degenerated brownstone fronts. From out of one of these, as Mr. Preston was passing on the other side of the street, came a woman and three men.

Precisely at that moment a police-squad car squealed around the nearest corner! Mr. Preston stood still.

As the four people who had left the roominghouse reached the sidewalk, the siren snarled once—a warning to stand still. But they began to scatter.

Before the car came to a stop, two detectives debouched from either side and hit the pavement running. The woman and one of the men darted back up the steps. The other pair started to run south.

Mr. Preston, hypnotized, absorbed everything.

One of the detectives charged up the steps, gun in hand. The woman was frantically trying to open the door, which was locked. Her companion swiveled, back against the ancient cast-iron railing. As the detective grabbed for him, the woman unleashed a rasping shriek and flung herself at the officer.

The detective bunted the woman away with the elbow of his gun arm, then lashed up with his left fist. She caught the savage impact flush on her full mouth. With a bleat of pain, she sat down heavily.

The detective pirouetted and leaped on his man. When the latter tried to jerk something out of his pocket, the copper pistol-whipped him unconscious.

The second cop had sprinted and tripped the slower of the running pair. The man skidded on his face, then scrambled to his feet, hands lifting in a gesture of surrender.

The detective jerked up short and slashed the quitter over the head with the flat of his revolver. The man gave off a strangled sob and went down on his hands and knees. He balanced there like a trail-weary pony, blood dripping from his limp head.

The other fugitive neared the corner. The detective stood almost astraddle his victim and bellowed at the runner to stop. The latter merely ducked his head and scurried in a zigzag course. The copper braced himself and sighted along the blued steel barrel of his revolver. . . .

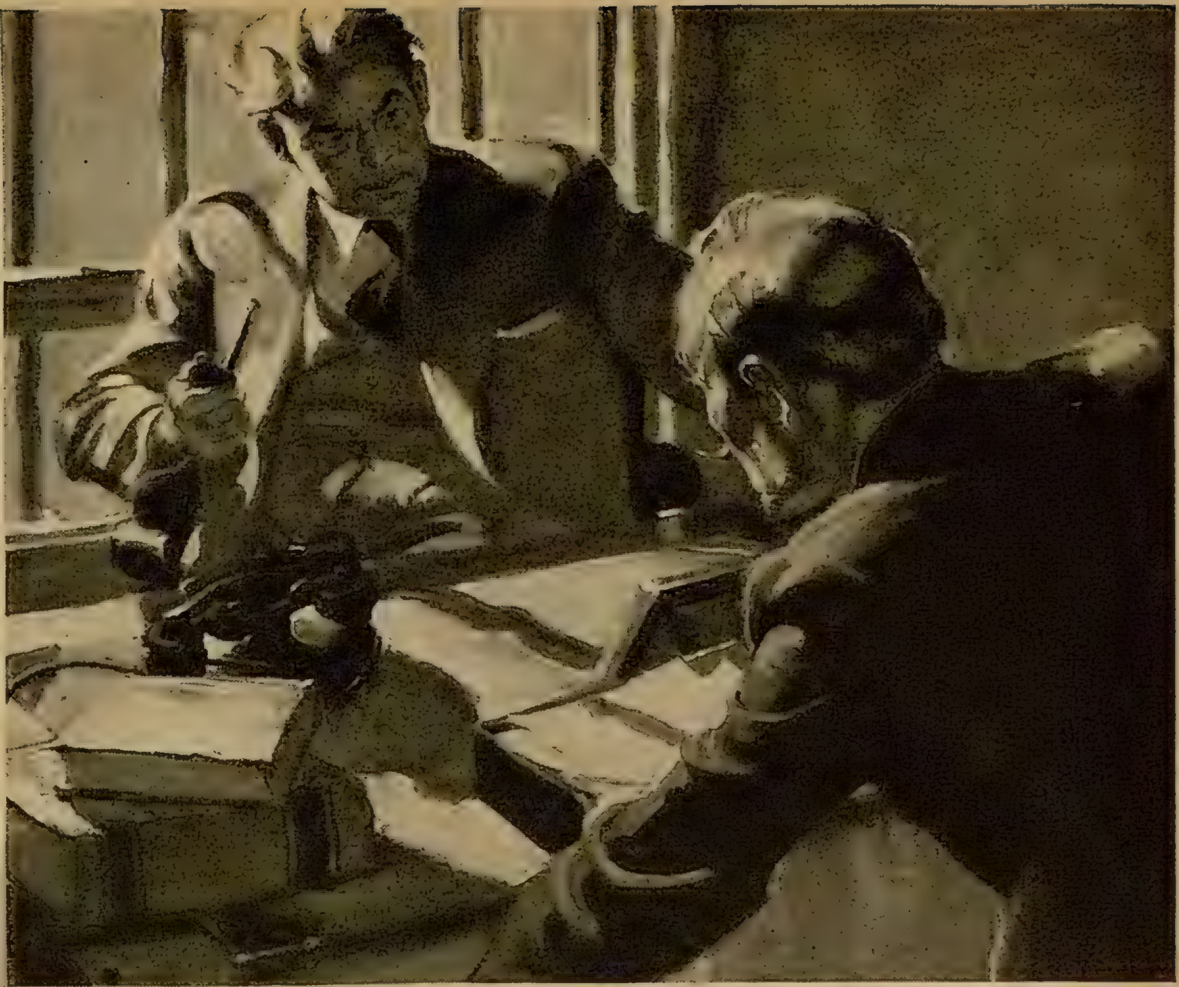
Mr. Preston heard the gun bark, witnessed the impact of the bullet when it struck. The hit runner appeared to make about two long jumps, then pull up short. For an agonized instant he hung suspended before his knees buckled and he folded to the sidewalk.

The street was filling with people. When Mr. Preston started to move across the street, he was stopped by a uniformed policeman who growled, "Come on, keep movin'! This don't concern you."

Mr. Walter V. Preston looked coldly at the officer; he was seeing a policeman in a new light. Then he about-faced abruptly and made his way through the gathering

the Law

Rules or results? Here's a tense, thought-provoking tale of kidnaping, murder, and a detective dilemma



" Call in those men—I'm going to suspend them ! "

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

crowd to a drugstore on the corner and telephoned the News-Sentinel.

The following day, Captain Angus Brandywine hunched his large heavy frame over his desk in Central Police Station. A copy of the News-Sentinel, opened to the editorial page, separated him from the Commissioner of Police, Colonel Sneyd, pompous little man with a waxed mustache which arced out in front like a pair of horns when he was excited. He was excited now.

" Captain ! " he shouted. " How much of this is true ? "

The editorial under discussion was headed " Our Lawless Police " and by-lined by Martin McLean himself. It gave a graphic and caustic word picture of the carnage that Mr. Preston had witnessed the previous day, and a biting denunciation of Sergeant Tweed and Detective McCluggage, the two officers involved. It cited numerous instances of legal violations by members of the Police Department. Publisher McLean then pointed out how the infamous racketeer, Monk Ettinger, had been captured through the efforts of the News-Sentinel, and that the evidence and the testimony of the gangster's former sweetheart, Stella Bancroft, who was now protected by the paper, was the result of decent investigation, not this butcher type of work.

The article wound up with a blunt demand that the newly appointed Commissioner of Police, Colonel Sneyd, immediately purge the department of Tweed, McCluggage, and the rest of their stripe, and henceforth see that laws were obeyed by the police officers as well as the citizens in general.

Brandywine removed his brier.

" Mostly true," he admitted dryly, " as far as it goes."

Sneyd's rosy skin mottled. " It goes far enough to suit me ! " he panted. " Call in these two men—I'm going to suspend them at once ! "

" Take it easy. Tweed and McCluggage left town this morning on an important homicide case ; I won't be able to contact them for a couple of days. Anyhow, they don't warrant suspension. You haven't got all the facts."

" You sit there and defend those two murdering scoundrels ? " yelped the commissioner. " Don't you know that McCluggage punched a woman in the mouth, and then brutally beat her companion unconscious ? And Sergeant Tweed lacerated the skull of a helpless man who tried to surrender peacefully, and instead of trying to capture the other man he deliberately shot him dead—in the back, too. Is that the kind of a detective bureau you are commanding ? "

The skipper rested his elbows on the soiled desk blotter and his big head sank between his shoulder blades. With his aquiline nose and slitted eyes, he resembled a hawk.

" I'm commanding one of the best bureaus in the country, Colonel Sneyd, and if you'll just cool off enough to hear me out, I'll give you some facts that young McLean neglected to include in his sentimentalizing. Those cattle you are sweating about are the Sagel Mob. The dame is Minnie Torquay, a marijuana addict with a record as long as your face. That little lady applied the hot cigar butts to the feet of a watchman in St. Louis last month while her pals held him. After they had finally murdered him, she planted a kiss on his forehead. Nice lovin' gal ! Her playmate who got his ears pinned back by Al McCluggage is Nuts Jellife, a vicious murderin' three-time loser. Either of this pair would have torn the heart out of McCluggage if given half a chance.

" Tweed's two were even worse. Manny Sagel, the rat he shot, was a cop killer, bank robber, and general murderer. We know of at least twelve killings by his hand. It was either kill him or let him escape. The one Tweed slugged is Tony Paonessa, the chief torturer of the mob. Tweed couldn't hang on to them both."

" If Sagel was that bad, he should have been brought into court, like Ettinger will be," Sneyd protested.

" Monk Ettinger hasn't come up for trial yet," Brandywine observed ironically. " If there had been time, we might have sent a crew out to the Belcher Street hideaway and taken this outfit quiet-like. But yesterday Tweed got a hot tip from a stool that the Sagel quartet was hiding in that roominghouse and was just ready to pull out. Tweed telephoned the station and struck out with Al McCluggage. They got there just in time. They didn't dare lose the upper hand for an instant. There was no way of knowing how many other hoodlums were around, and these men were killers."

Sneyd exhaled through drawn lips. " These people are human beings ! I want Tweed and McCluggage fired ! I'm not interested in your rationalization. We may as well understand each other right now, Captain Brandywine. While I dislike very much to interfere with the actual mechanics of this bureau, as long as I am Commissioner of Police and therefore responsible to the public, your detectives shall obey the laws."

"You've been a successful business man," the skipper pointed out. "Less than three weeks ago the mayor appointed you commissioner, and that covers your police experience. Me, I've been a cop for over thirty years. I'm chief of the bureau because I'm supposed to know my business. Now you walk in here after reading a newspaper sob story and tell me how to handle my men."

Sneyd punctuated each word by banging the flat of his hand on the desk:

"I—don't—care—how—long—you've—been—a—cop!" he bellowed. "Men who violate the laws are criminals—whether they wear a police badge or not! And you'll run this department according to the laws you are sworn to uphold, Captain Brandywine, or, by the Lord Harry, I'll see that you don't run it!"

Brandywine shrugged. "You're the commissioner."

"The newspapermen are waiting in my office for a statement," the Colonel grunted, slightly mollified. "I shall tell them what I now tell you—that Tweed and McCluggage will be suspended, and that, taking effect immediately, the members of this detective bureau will follow the letter of the law in enforcing it."

After Sneyd had pranced out of the office, the skipper snorted, then buzzed for his secretary. When Sally stuck her head through the doorway, he said:

"Tell Lucy and Suitcase to sidle in here."

As she backed out, he raked a match alive. Two passing sirens filled the old station house with sound. He recognized number seven patrol by the rising crescendo of its caterwaul; number seven's siren was geared to the crankshaft. The other wail, quicker, shriller, came from the electric siren on the robbery squad's car. As the noise merged into the normal sound of the city, he sucked the flame into the bowl of his brier.

Two men suddenly walked in. Sergeant Lucius Tweed, fiery and forty, piloted the crack homicide squad. Beefy Al McCluggage, affectionately known as "Suitcase," specialized on dips and buncs—pickpockets and confidence swindlers—but was at present assisting Tweed to clean out racketeers. Like Brandywine, they had both done their stretch in harness.

"Sneyd was just in," Captain Brandywine announced laconically. "You two had better go fishing some place."

Al McCluggage grinned ruefully. Although it had been over twenty years since he left the farm, he still resembled an overgrown self-conscious farm hand. His voice was high-pitched, off key.

"About the only time I ever get fishin' is when we change commissioners," Suitcase piped. "Where'll we go this time, Lucy?"

LUCIUS TWEED removed his nose glasses, as he invariably did when his battling spirit was up.

"If I didn't have but seventeen more months to go before I'm eligible for pension," he barked, "I'd go down and bust this McLean pup in the snozzle." He thumped the open News-Sentinel. "I've been absorbing this stuff for nearly twenty years an' I'm fed up with it!"

"Well, you oughtta be used to it by now," Brandywine observed. "Don't expect any sympathy from me—I've got enough grief in my lap. Now every time we crack a joint we get a search warrant; unless you actually witness a crime being committed you can't risk a pinch without a warrant of arrest; all suspects are to be brought direct to jail immediately following arrest, and every prisoner has the right to refuse to answer questions."

McCluggage bubbled with laughter.

"The bureau can't operate that way!" Tweed argued.

"I know, I know," said Brandywine. "But Sneyd is head of the Police Department; I'm only an office boy. We either do as he says or get staked out in the bundocks with the goats. I'm too old for a beat, Lucy. Anyhow, he'll learn his lesson sooner or later."

"Yeah, but in the meantime . . .?"

"We carry out orders," Brandywine finished for him. "I remember when I first joined the department we had a commissioner who came in on a reform wave something like Colonel Sneyd did. We had a departmental policy that a citizen wasn't drunk unless he lay down in the gutter. But this new commissioner—I forget his name, we've had so many since—made a rule that all drunks should be arrested and haled into court; a man *was drunk if a copper could smell liquor on his breath.*"

"Just about as dumb as Sneyd!" Tweed grunted.

Brandywine chuckled reminiscently. "Old Ned Elliot was chief, so he talked it over with some of us. The commissioner's order came through on a Thursday, as I remember it. Well, that Saturday night all leaves were canceled. Right after the theaters started to let out, the fun began. The boys arrested everybody with the faintest aroma of alcohol about them. They even got the D. A. and the mayor's father. With no night or Sunday courts, everybody was locked up over the week-end, and when court opened Monday morning . . ." The skipper swore softly. ". . . Well, the commissioner was laughed out of office—and after that a man wasn't drunk unless he lay down in the gutter again.

"Now scram out of here. Lay low for a couple of days, but leave a number with Sally where I can reach you in a hurry. Something will break in the meantime and we'll settle back to normal again."

SOMETHING broke much sooner than even Captain Brandywine anticipated. Within thirty-six hours of the appearance of the lawless police editorial, its author, Martin McLean, was kidnaped. Called by Colonel Sneyd to the Emergency Hospital, Brandywine heard the details of the snatch from the battered lips of McLean's young wife. Quieted by a sedative, she lay with her face swathed in bandages, her broken nose in a silver splint.

"Martin and I had been to the theater," she whispered. "When Martin stopped the car in front of the garage and stepped out to open the doors, three men leaped out of the shadows of the hedge . . ." She began to sob.

"And then . . .?" the skipper prompted.

"They grabbed Mart! I jumped out to help him. Then one of those awful men caught me by the hair, jerked my head around, and hit me across the nose with something. I heard Mart swearing, and I groped for him, but they knocked me down and began kicking my head. I guess I fainted then."

Sneyd made a clucking noise. "Terrible—terrible! You can identify the men, I hope?"

She shook her head weakly. "It was so dark—and I didn't think of that."

Sneyd risked a glance at Captain Brandywine.

"Don't you worry, Mrs. McLean. Your husband will be returned to you. I shall personally assume complete charge of the case."

"Oh, I know you will bring him back to me, Colonel," she whimpered. "He had *so* much confidence in you."

Captain Brandywine bent over the bed.

"Of course you couldn't be expected to recognize those thugs, Mrs. McLean," he said quietly. "But think now—was anything said by any of them?"

She hesitated a long moment. "I think one of them said Mart was 'a tough little punk for an editorial writer,' or something like that."

"Why, splendid!" the skipper encouraged her. "Now try to recall—was that spoken with any accent, was it said coolly, or excitedly, or how?"

"I think it was a low, rasping voice. The man sounded just casual." That was all she could tell.

On the ride back to headquarters Colonel Sneyd was loquacious.

"There will undoubtedly be a ransom note from the kidnapers," he rattled. "Martin McLean was very wealthy. We must be on the watch for that." He looked sharply at Brandywine. "Don't you agree?"

"You're handling this," the skipper countered, "but you're barking up the wrong tree. Unless I miss my guess, McLean's snatch is the direct result of that editorial you got so excited about. That remark Mrs. McLean overheard sort of checks me."

"Kindly be explicit."

"O. K. The News-Sentinel is attempting to build circulation by a big publicity campaign, and McLean's been trying to make the world over to his own ideals. He's still a kid and, like some other people, he's got a lot to learn. So the News-Sentinel started an attack on Monk Ettinger and his mob. They put in their own District Attorney and their own Commissioner of Police."

"Captain Brandywine! I don't like your . . ."

The skipper shrugged. "You're not expected to like it. But Monk Ettinger was indicted on evidence dug up by the News-Sentinel, particularly on the statement of Stella Bancroft. That testimony will send Ettinger to the chair unless something happens to the Bancroft woman."

"That's ridiculous! In the first place, Stella Bancroft is safely hidden to prevent retaliation, and furthermore, Monk Ettinger is in jail on a murder charge."

"If you recall," Brandywine reminded the other, "McLean bragged about just that in his editorial. He explained that, rather than trust the Police Department, the News-Sentinel was hiding Bancroft so that they could produce her at the trial. That was one time he let his mouth run too long. Some of Monk's boys are probably working on McLean right now, making him tell where Stella is cached. Since you're running this show, you'd better worry about that. Do you know where she is?"

Sneyd shook his head. "McLean kept that to himself." He waited for Brandywine to go on; but the skipper had retired into his shell.

WHO was next in authority to Ettinger in his organization?" the Colonel prodded.

"A hood known as Shady Donovan. Monk's orders would be carried from the jail by Sam Ricardo, his mouthpiece. Shady would act on 'em."

"Do you know where this man Donovan lives?"

"We can locate him," the skipper admitted. "We can tap our stools."

Colonel Sneyd sniffed. "Please send for him at once. And, captain, I want the practice of utilizing stool pigeons discontinued at once. It falls in the same loathsome category as the third degree and brings disgrace on the good name of the department."

Brandywine munched the pipe across his mouth.

It took Captain Brandywine less than two hours to locate Shady Donovan and have him brought into headquarters. Under the "letter of the law" ruling, Donovan's attorney, Sam Ricardo, was in attendance. The commissioner himself handled the interrogation:

"Now, Donovan, I want the truth from you. I understand you are Monk Ettinger's right-hand man."

Donovan, a squat chunky man, slouched forward in his chair, elbows on knees, stumpy fingers revolving a pearl-gray fedora.

"Who's this Monk Ettinger?" he sneered.

Sneyd bristled. "See here, let's have none of that insolence! Martin McLean, the publisher, was kidnaped last night. We have a very strong

Stoke 'er up with Velvet
..and you stoke 'er up with flavor
Velvet
Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO
Better smoking tobacco

—the **MILDNESS**
of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood

—the **FLAVOR**
of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both

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suspicion that you had something to do with that."

Donovan smirked,

"Keep quiet, Shady," Ricardo counseled, then turned to Sneyd. "Listen, commissioner, you can't pin anything on to my client. Donovan came in here because you sent for him, but he isn't going to be talking into no frame-up."

"Nobody is attempting to frame Donovan," Sneyd retorted sharply. "We are simply seeking to ascertain the truth."

Donovan snickered, then quieted abruptly as his shifting eyes encountered the pale metallic stare of Captain Brandywine.

"Well, Donovan isn't talking," the shyster announced. "If that's all you've got to say, we're going." They rose.

Colonel Sneyd's face turned the blue-white of stale dough. "Just a minute! I've tried to be perfectly fair with you two, but Donovan will answer my questions or, by the Lord Harry, I'll have him arrested!"

"On what charge?" Ricardo challenged.

"If you're tryin' to grab yourself a load of publicity," Donovan sneered, "go pick yourself another sucker, mister. You ain't got a thing on me."

Sneyd shouted: "Arrest that man, captain!"

Brandywine had risen quietly and sauntered around his desk. As Donovan turned from his challenge to Sneyd, they met face to face. The skipper reached suddenly for his hip pocket . . . and Donovan tripped over a chair getting out of the way. But Brandywine merely pulled out a handkerchief and grinned.

"You can't pinch me!" Donovan yelped, but when the captain touched his shoulder, he subsided.

Sam Ricardo smiled. "Sit tight, Shady," he advised. "And keep your mouth buttoned. I'll have you out within an hour. This thing has possibilities, at that." He collected his hat and gloves, and, with an ironical bow to the commissioner and Brandywine, left the office.

The captain eyed the wary Donovan for a full minute before opening the door of the squad room and beckoning one of the detectives.

"The commissioner wants this carrion locked up," he growled, indicating the prisoner. "Book him to the commissioner as a 'hold for investigation.'"

When the door closed, Colonel Sneyd mopped his moist forehead. "Why, the impudent scoundrels! And I tried to be square with them! Well, we'll see that Donovan stays in a cell until he learns to be civil!"

"Shady will be out within half an hour," Brandywine prophesied. "Sam Ricardo will have a writ of habeas corpus here, and you'll have to release Donovan or go into court and present logical reasons for holding him. You have no evidence, so that's that. No, Colonel. Shady will be on the street in a few minutes, and you'll probably have a false-arrest suit on your hands. You ordered Shady held, and you can't substantiate a charge."

"But you do that every day!"

Brandywine wagged his head. "We never stick our necks into a hole unless we can crawl through it."

THE next forty-eight hours were the longest years of Colonel Sneyd's life. As Brandywine had foretold, Shady Donovan was sprung on a writ, and although the commissioner put one of his own private investigators out to locate his quarters, no trace of him could be found. Shady had vanished almost as soon as he hit the street.

But that was the least of the Colonel's problems. The press of the entire nation clamored for action, especially the News-Sentinel, McLean's own paper. Reporters hounded the commissioner until he crawled into Brandywine's office at Central and tried to bury his head.

"What's the matter with your detectives?" he badgered the captain. "Here two full days have gone by and absolutely nothing has been accomplished!"

The skipper shrugged; but, despite a calm that seemed to border on indifference, he had not taken his clothes off since the McLean snatch.

"Don't try to pass the heat on to me," he warned Sneyd. "You've been handling this case like a storybook detective, insisting that my men run around looking for clues and watching mailboxes for ransom notes. You demanded the suspension of McCluggage and Tweed, two of my very best men on this sort of a case; you stopped me from ordering a general round-up of known criminals by your idiotic order about the necessity of warrants; you made a public declaration that the police can't use stool pigeons, and now they've scattered; you bungled the handling of Donovan. Now you want to know what's the matter with *my* detectives!"

Sneyd daubed at a sweating face.

"I can't understand why we have received no communication from the kidnapers," he mumbled. "Mrs. McLean sent for me today . . ." He shuddered. "She acted as though I were personally responsible for her husband's absence."

Brandywine scowled. "What do you expect? You assumed the responsibility when the case first broke. And unless I miss my guess, mister, young McLean's undergoing a mighty unpleasant experience. They're probably trying to make him talk—to tell where Stella Bancroft is hidden. And the reason we can't find that out is because people like you and McLean undermine the public confidence in the department. If I knew, I'd put out a squad to protect her—she's going to need it! As it is, there's nothing to do but wait for a break."

"Wait, wait, wait!" bleated Sneyd, and scurried out.

HE had been gone less than half an hour when a telephone call came from Matt Mathews of the homicide squad.

"I'm out here at the Loma Sanitarium," the dick reported. "Less than twenty minutes ago, three hoods strong-armed their way into this joint and blasted a woman patient. She's registered here as Mary Doyle. They pulped her face but I recognized her. She's *Stella Bancroft.*"

Captain Brandywine swore softly. "I was expecting it. Any trail?"

"Not a thing. They roughhoused the staff so nobody can remember anything."

"Well, stay with it and see what you can find. Hold up any report until you hear from me and try to keep it quiet for a few hours. Keep me advised." As he finished, Colonel Sneyd walked into the office and sank wearily into a chair. Brandywine got up and came around the desk.

"Now listen to me!" he barked in the commissioner's face. "Like I expected, we've found Stella Bancroft."

"Oh, good, good!" breathed the Colonel.

"Good nothing! She was riddled with slugs and her face was hacked in to delay identification. This means that Ettinger's gorillas tortured McLean until he told where Bancroft was hidden, and now that they've slaughtered her, they're *all through with him.*"

"You mean . . . *McLean* is dead?"

"Possibly; but I doubt it. They'll wait until they get word from Shady Donovan."

The Colonel wilted. "Take charge, captain," he whispered huskily.

"That's what I'm going to do. If you try to interfere, Sneyd, I'll slug you. When this is all over you can take action if you want to. In the meantime, sit there and take some lessons in police work."

Sneyd shriveled. "I don't see what can be done," he mumbled. "If we could only locate Donovan!"

Brandywine snorted, scooped up the telephone. "Gimme the radio broadcast room! . . . Hello, O'Brien? . . . . Broadcast a call for prowl car 42 to rush back here to headquarters immediately. What? . . . Sure I know 42's been out of service for two days. Quit arguin' an' get out that call!" As he hung up he buzzed for his secretary.

"Sally, see who's in the squad room. If Schnur or Christian are in, tell 'em to pick out a couple of experienced crews. I want tommies, gas, and axes. Have McGee and Trask hot up those fast wagons—we're going to roll in a few minutes. And, Sally, when Tweed and Suitcase come in, see that no one disturbs us. Get goin'."

While Sneyd gaped in astonishment, Brandywine went to a desk drawer, took out a well worn service revolver, flipped open the cylinder, and checked the load. Ordinarily he carried but five shells in the chambers, leaving an empty beneath the hammer; but now he slipped in a sixth shell, spun the cylinder experimentally, and shoved the gun back into the drawer.

(Continued on page 22)

How Low-Priced Cars Compare on this

QUESTION OF CAR COMFORT

- **The size of a car is generally thought to depend on its price.**
- **So any one might expect the three leading low-priced cars to be alike in size.**
- **Actually, Plymouth is nearly 7 inches longer than one; more than 10 inches longer than the other!**

FIVE PASSENGER SEDAN

COMPARATIVE DIMENSIONS

DIMENSION	PLYMOUTH	CAR "A"	CAR "B"
OVER-ALL LENGTH	194 3/16″	187 5/16″	184″
SEAT CUSHION WIDTH (front)	47″	47½″	45½″
SEAT CUSHION WIDTH (rear)	48½″	47½″	46½″
SEAT TO ROOF (front)	39½″	37″	39″
SEAT TO ROOF (rear)	37″	35¾″	36¾″
FLOOR TO ROOF (front)	47½″	43″	46¾″
FLOOR TO ROOF (rear)	50″	48″	50¾″

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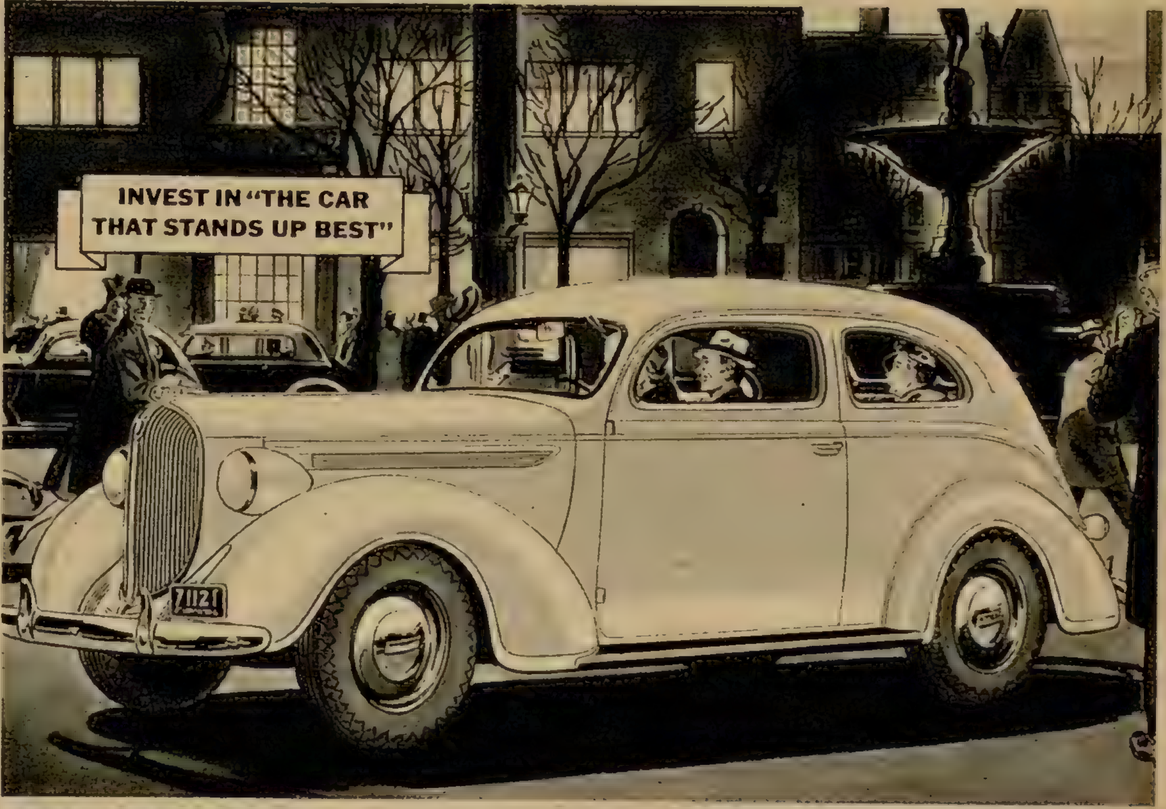
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for its appreciation of Glenmore's fine, full flavor—"the flavor of a lifetime." We are rewarded for our lifetime work in perfecting it. Try Glenmore. You'll never change.

WHENEVER YOU SEE THE COLONEL—THINK OF GLENMORE

(Continued from page 20) The door swung open. The Colonel's eyes bulged . . . for sandwiched between Detective Al McCluggage and Sergeant Tweed was Shady Donovan.

The hoodlum was wild-eyed and disheveled. When he recognized the commissioner he loosed a bleat of anguish.

"It ain't constitutional!" he squealed.

"Where did you find him so quickly?" Sneyd gasped. "My own men could not locate him anywhere!"

"*Find me? Find me?*" shrilled Donovan. "They been ridin' me around in a radio car for two whole days an' nights! I been livin' on hamburgers, without sleep. I been kidnaped! I'm gonna sue . . ."

The skipper circled his desk. "I knew you'd eventually dump this case into my lap," he told Sneyd, "so as soon as Ricardo sprung this skunk I had McCluggage and Tweed pick him up. If we hadn't, he'd have been buried so deep we never would have found him."

Colonel Sneyd gulped. "You mean . . . *it's true?* You actually kidnaped him—you've been riding him through the streets for two days?"

"Oh, we took him fishin' the first day," McCluggage offered.

CAPTAIN BRANDYWINE suddenly palmed a handful of Donovan's shirt front and drew him close.

"Shady," he said, with the murmur of sandpaper rubbing together, "you were right—this is a kidnaping. Your mob kidnaped McLean; they tortured information of a hideaway out of him; then they went to that spot and committed murder. Those are the steps, Shady, one by one, that we are going to follow—so you know what to expect. We're at the second stage. I'm asking you: Where are your boys holding Martin McLean?"

"You can't frame me!" Donovan screamed. "I don't know nothin' about McLean!"

Captain Brandywine looked reproachfully at Sergeant Tweed. "You haven't softened him up, I see." He drove his free fist into Shady's midsection.

Colonel Sneyd let an involuntary yelp escape him. Then a peculiar glaze filmed his eyes, like drawn shades on a window. His full lips vanished into a thin disillusioned line.

Brandywine was talking: "Shady, you're a tough lad; I know that. McLean was just as tough—tougher, in fact, because it took your gorillas over two days of torture to get the location of Stella Bancroft out of him. Now, we tried to be all nice an' legal about this . . ." He risked an oblique glance at Sneyd before continuing: "But the fishing trip is over. The fast wagons are ready an' the gun crews waiting in the squad room. You're first, Shady, me lad, and I'm listenin'."

Shady Donovan let his head revolve and his shoe-button eyes flickered off one hard face after another until they eventually settled on Colonel Sneyd—Shady's last white hope. And Shady paled. For Colonel Sneyd's features were warped into an unfamiliar mask; the bumptious little business man began to look strangely like a *cop!*

"I want a mouthpiece!" Shady howled. "I got rights . . ."

"Oh, hell!" Tweed growled, and backhanded him across the mouth. Al McCluggage sighed regretfully, like a man ending a pleasant vacation, and tangled his fingers in Donovan's oily hair.

"Commissioner," Suitcase suggested respectfully, "maybe you better light a cigar. Shady's boys usually burn holes in a victim's feet, so it's something he'll understan'."

"We're waitin', Shady," the skipper observed quietly.

Colonel Sneyd did not light a cigar; he merely squatted stiffly in his chair and stared. But McCluggage's sardonic humor was extraneous, for Donovan shrieked abruptly:

"I'll talk! *I'll talk!*"

They heaved him into a chair, where he blubbered the information through his fingers, while Sally, looking cool and detached, took it down in shorthand! Five minutes later, as a harness bull hauled Shady Donovan down to a cell, Captain Brandywine leaned over his desk, retrieved his big service revolver, and sheathed it in his shoulder holster.

"If you sit here," he told the commissioner, as he started to follow Tweed and McCluggage into the squad room, "I'll phone you just as soon as we make the knockover."

Colonel Sneyd bobbed to his feet. "If you don't mind, I shall accompany you." He saw the belligerent expression that suddenly shadowed the skipper's horsy face, and added hastily, "Purely as an observer, captain! I . . . . I'm learning."

"In that case," grunted Brandywine, "come along."

TWO bureau cars were purring at the alley entrance as the captain and his crews swung through the station doors. Doc Trask eased in the clutch of the lead car as the boys hit the running boards. Captain Brandywine let the forward motion of the big machine swing him into the front seat.

"Whale Alley, just north of Cooper," he told the driver. "We've located McLean. Soup it up, but no siren." He glanced into the tonneau, where Tweed, Sneyd, and three other dicks hunched for a fast trip through traffic. "You got all the equipment?"

A blond Swede named Christian answered, "All set, chief."

Colonel Sneyd stood up well under his lesson. He even seemed to enjoy the attack on the filthy abandoned cannery where the mob had holed up with their prisoner. He never whimpered when his own eyes were almost blinded by the gas used to smoke out the hoodlums. He was standing beside Tweed when the sergeant killed one of the kidnapers, and his only comment was:

"Good shooting, sergeant!"

But he went sick at his stomach when they found Martin McLean, and fainted when he saw the charred feet and mangled nails.

Captain Brandywine didn't see the commissioner for nearly a week. But he did not miss him, for there was plenty of work. From the hospital he received daily reports of Martin McLean's progress. For days it was nip and tuck, but surgery triumphed.

When the publisher was finally able to talk, he told a story of torture that sickened the toughest of his reporters, and, what was more to the point, he dictated, and caused to be published, the gruesome details.

The next afternoon, Colonel Sneyd closeted himself with Captain Brandywine and they had a long talk. . . .

The day watch had just gone off duty when the skipper returned to his own office about five o'clock and found Lucy Tweed and Al McCluggage awaiting him.

"Sally told us you'd gone over to see the commissioner," the sergeant began. "We want to know about our suspension. Did he mention it?"

Captain Brandywine grinned. He settled his old brier comfortably between his teeth and perched on a corner of the desk warmed by the last splash of afternoon sun.

"The commissioner mentioned it," he admitted. "Matter of fact, he mentioned a lot of things. Forget about the suspension. Summing it up—well, it's the old story. A man isn't drunk until he lies in the gutter, and the law isn't broken *if it works*."

THE END

★TWENTY QUESTIONS★

1—Who was the originator of aseptic surgery?

2—When Austria was a republic, was its population and area about half or about double that of Czechoslovakia?

3—What important office did the late Dr. Thomas Masaryk hold?

4—In which sport would one most likely encounter a flying mare?

5—The name of which picture star, with the capital letter dropped, means "competent"?

6—Were slaves freed first in British dominions or the United States?

7—Which word among the following is spelled correctly: exhorbitant, analogous, exilaration?

8—Does the U. S. Department of Agriculture distribute free seeds?

9—Who, the second wife of a poet, wrote the novel, Frankenstein?

10—Which two letters will make four seven-letter words of the following: cimal, mical, claim?

11—How many points are in a one-carat diamond?

12—Which merchant is said to have been the first to maintain "the customer is always right"?

13—The west-to-east movement of what is an everyday demonstration of perpetual motion?

14—Who is Washington's most prominent stamp collector?

15—Which pennant-winning baseball club was once known as the Highlanders?

16—What two countries make up the Iberian Peninsula?

17—Which Metropolitan singer, born in Ohio, is said to possess four singing voices?

18—Are there 83, 783, or 7,083 islands in the Philippine group?

19—Who was the heaviest heavyweight among Sullivan, Jeffries, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, and Tunney?

20—The Buccaneer is the work of which stellar director?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

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STAINLESS STEEL SUPER FREEZER cannot chip or tarnish. Has new fast-freezing trays for ice cubes and desserts. One-button control gives a range of 12 temperatures. Thermometer shows safety-zone temperature at a glance.

TAILOR-MADE INTERIORS of the new de luxe G-E Cabinets with adjustable sliding shelves, split-shelf, tilt-shelf, covered deep-dish vegetable drawers easily take care of practically any food-storage need.

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READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

LOVE CAN DO IT

BY TIAH DEVITT

"I DON'T like it—" Big Brady reiterated sullenly. "I don't like working a town after a bank robbery."

"You mean you don't like working," Joey said. "You were a good stall, Brady, but you met a dame. Love can do it!"

It was the wrong thing to say, but Joey didn't notice. Joey was always cocky. He was the best dip in the business.

The Big Boss booked pickpockets all over the country, just as a theatrical agency books acts and road shows. Joey was so good he could pick his own territory. He played the small-town celebrations, carnivals, festivals, and fairs.

Big Brady was his partner, his bluff. Everything was swell until Brady met a dame. A dame named Daisy. She was little and she had big blue eyes and her old man ran a hamburger stand. She wore gingham dresses and Brady fell for her.

"I'm through," Brady told the Boss. "I've got seven grand. I'm going to buy a nice chicken farm and settle down."

"Why, sure," the Boss said. "Why not? Why, say, I'll throw a little party for you. Just a farewell party to the crowd."

Everybody was at the party. Brady didn't remember who suggested a little game, but when the game was over he was out just seven grand.

He wired Daisy he had to go West with his partner on business. And here they were, in Mrs. Trouty's Tourist Home in Centertown on Decoration Day.

"With a five-thousand-dollar reward offered for the guy who stuck up the Central Bank," Brady said, "everybody in town is going to be suspicious of strangers."

"Nuts!" Joey said. "The dumbest hick knows the guy who pulled that job is a thousand miles away."

"How'd he get away?" Brady said. "Every road was blocked ten minutes after the touch."

"Maybe he had wings on!"

JOEY
BIG BRADY

Brady and Joey rode to the Fair Grounds separately and met at the corner of the grandstand. The first race was just starting. Brady shoved in front of the local bookie, a small-fry gambler with a wad of cash. The bookie stood on his toes and craned his neck to see over Brady. As he stretched up it was easy for Joey to slip the money out of his pocket.

Joey spotted an old man leaning on the rail; edged up and waited. Brady started to come up, and stopped. Next to the old bird was a girl, slim, with big blue eyes and a gingham dress. Brady walked away.

Joey joined him at the snake charmer's tent.

"What's the matter? That's a touch! Wallet that would choke a horse—probably his life savings!"

"That's what I thought," Brady said. Somehow, he couldn't. Couldn't frisk that frail old man, and the girl who looked like Daisy, of all they had.

Joey swore and went back to the rail. Brady watched him but he didn't follow.

The horses were on the homestretch now, coming fast. The old man was hanging over the rail. Joey's quick hand darted out, lifted the wallet. Joey held the wallet in his handkerchief and mopped his brow. He had that feeling in the pit of his stomach. He didn't like working alone. He wanted to run. Damn Brady!

He got into a jitney alone and drove straight to Mrs. Trouty's. Upstairs he locked the door and went over the haul. A slow smile cracked across his tense face. Four grand! And was he going to split with Brady? He was *not!* He changed to his flashy checked suit, threw his stuff in a bag. He hired a car to drive him to Capitol City, to the airport. He'd report Brady to the Boss and get another bluff. He bought a ticket. The Minneapolis plane wasn't due for a couple of hours.

Before long, a fast car swung up the drive and before it stopped three dicks jumped out.

"What's the big idea?" Joey yelled as they closed in on him. "You guys haven't got anything on me!"

"No?" the big cop said. "Nothin' at all, sweetheart. Come on!"

"I haven't got time," Joey said. "I—"

"You'll get plenty of time," the big cop said. "In this state it's ninety-nine years."

"Ninety-nine years!" Joey screamed.

"Sure," the cop said. "That's all. That's all you get for robbing the Centertown Central Bank!"

BRADY sat in front of Mrs. Trouty's radio.

"The suspected bank robber was captured when he tried to pass one of the twenty-dollar bills stolen from the Centerville Bank at the Capitol City airport," the excited announcer said. "Police discovered four thousand dollars of the missing twenty hidden on his person. Bank officials are en route to identify the suspect, whose description tallies with that of the robber—a small dapper man, medium coloring, cocky manner, New York accent. The reward of five thousand dollars—"

"Well?" the Centertown sheriff said when Brady came into his office.

"The guy who held up the Central Bank is at 807 Pine Street," Brady said. "With a dame and probably the missing sixteen grand. I followed him there. The guy they arrested in Capitol City is just a lousy little pickpocket. I spotted him at the races this afternoon." Brady smiled softly. "I saw him lift an old man's wallet. I went over and told the old man: 'Sir, I'm afraid you've been robbed!' The old man made a dive for his wallet—for the pocket where his wallet had been—" Brady paused.

"Then," Brady said, "his hand dropped to his side, he shot me a look, and I saw his eyes were hard and young, and he said: 'You're wrong—I never had a wallet.' Sheriff, you're looking for a guy with a white wig and a beard as false as Ginsberg's Santa Claus!"

"Why!" the sheriff said. "You—are you sure, man?"

"I'm sure no honest man ever lost four thousand dollars—and raised no hue and cry!"

Happy Big Brady caught the first plane South. But before he stepped on the plane he wired Daisy:

"Unexpected deal hatched five grand. Chicken farm ours! As Joey says, Love can do it!"

THE END

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air as a feature, Short Short Stories, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6.15 to 6.30 P. M., WLW, Cincinnati; WHN, New York; WFIL, Philadelphia. Also every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 11 to 11.15 A. M., over WLS, Chicago. Three complete dramatizations weekly.

TUNE IN!

MEN SEARCHED THEIR CELLARS FOR FINE OLD WHISKIES

SO SEAGRAM COULD PROVE THAT CROWNS TASTE FINER THAN FAMOUS BLENDED WHISKIES OF "THE OLD DAYS"

SEAGRAM advertised for rare old whiskies... paid $25 for each bottle of a bona fide blend bottled before 1919. Then Seagram asked its qualified experts to compare these old blends...side by side with 5 and 7 Crown. Unanimously these men agreed: "Crowns are finer tasting, smoother."

Seagram has searched the world to single out the few master blenders capable of producing that unrivalled Crown taste. A taste so fine that—from July, 1935, to December, 1937—in 14 states that publish records*—more people bought Seagram's 5 and 7 Crown than all other blended whiskies in their price class *combined*.

Blending skill explains it. At the bar—or wherever you buy—think before you drink . . . say Seagram's and be sure!

**Based on all available official figures from July, 1935, to December, 1937, issued by the Liquor Control Boards of 14 states: Pennsylvania, Michigan, Iowa, Idaho, Utah, Maine, Ohio, Oregon, Vermont, Virginia, Montana, West Virginia, Washington, Wyoming. It includes the sales of all blended whiskies in the price class of Seagram's Crowns—ranging at present from 90¢ to $1.50 per pint. Copr. 1938, Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.*

90 PROOF

Seagram's Crown

WHISKIES

They're Finer – They Taste Better

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THINK
before you drink
Say Seagram's and be Sure!

SEAGRAM'S FIVE CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.
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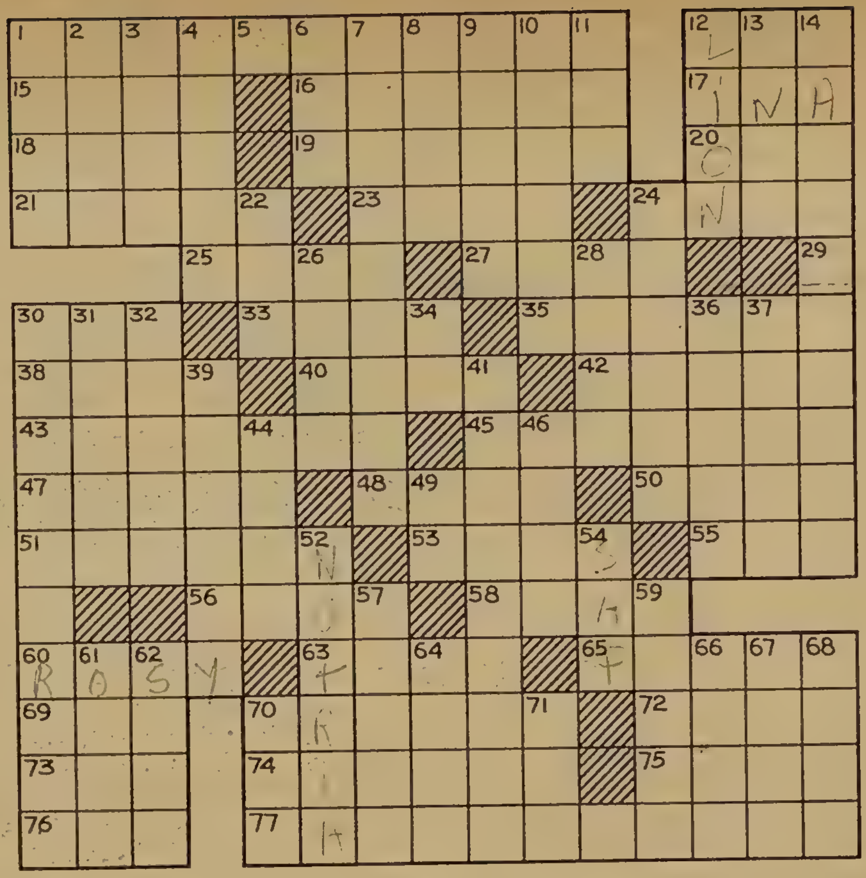
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

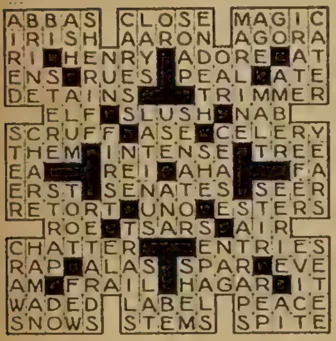


HORIZONTAL

1 Occupational disease, causing restlessness, dreaminess (two words)
12 Guinea pigsty (abbr.)
15 Round, hard object attached to man, seldom used in a crisis
16 The oldest film in existence
17 —— Claire
18 Big inland American drink
19 Aunts in paunts
20 A little Giant
21 Golden Boy
23 Attention caller
24 This remains single, come what may
25 First known birdcatcher
27 Great War general
29 'Ot spot
30 Greek end of the Windy City
33 An old wag
35 What fifty policemen can do to one Communist
38 Chaucer's hoard
40 Slush and orange juice (pl.)
42 As you sow, so the neighbor's chicken does this
43 Country where Liberty is most popular
45 The kind of language Gen. Franco uses after a hard battle
47 The murderer of Mother Machree
48 A spring malady, cured by Doctors of Divinity
50 Ein, zwei, —— !
51 How to get something out of a weakend
53 International shell games
55 An agreeable word, essentially vulgar
56 Cold cut
58 Tidey word
60 How things look in the rouge business
63 Cut up around the farm (simp. sp.)
65 Fuddy-duddies
69 Dickens of a nickname
70 Appoint
72 The safe side of Europe
73 Odor of Zmelly Zwizzjeezes (abbr.)
74 What Adolf took for growing pains
75 When worms go on one they cut out all dirt
76 Morons find things as simple as this
77 What neighbors borrow in the spring and return in the fall (two words)

VERTICAL

1 The eldest son of Noah
2 Fairy from way down East
3 An unexpected fall of steel from the sky
4 Nut stuff (pl.)
5 An old cockney (fem.)
6 Gay Pay Oo (abbr.)
7 Nuts, like a dictator
8 What artists do when they feel like scratching
9 Loathsomer
10 You've got to forgive this naughty fellow, even if he has tried to kill you (poss.)
11 Beginning of Putin
12 Leo
13 Against it
14 There's been a big boom in this business recently
22 Moored the stern end
24 One thing a pretzel can't do
26 Kind of thoughts that an old hen has
28 Glow
30 A woman of a few million words
31 A poem run by Gehrig
32 A peaceful woman
34 Only article Hitler's left the French
36 Where the farmer's daughter executes the squeeze play
37 Well known variety of daisy, popular with the young
39 Falling arches all over
41 Philo Vance's pappy
44 What I did when I met a bull (two words)
46 French poppy
49 The sound of a bare foot meeting a tack
52 Fur that understudies beaver
54 This flows in Charlie McCarthy's veins
57 A waiter
59 Unhealthy place to walk in Spain
61 Runny in no hurry
62 Comic sheet music
64 Very little of this was seen during the late California flood
66 Music folio
67 What curious fingers do
68 What a broody hen does in the springtime
70 Order of Venomous Gossips (abbr.)
71 She gets Bill's goat with her kidding



Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Everybody gets dirty hands
Men who tinker . . .
Women who do housework . . . . . .
Kids who play . . . .
Shop workers . . . .
Office workers . . . .
Farm workers . . . . .
Doctors . Chemists .
Chauffeurs . . . . . .
Everybody needs BORAXO!
BORAXO
CLEANS

Romance of the Old West! Tune in the Old Ranger's "Death Valley Days," N.B.C. Blue Network Fridays . . . Pacific Coast Red Network Tuesdays. See local papers for time. Pacific Coast Borax Co., New York; Los Angeles.

You'll think it's *magic* when you try it! Stubborn dirt and ground-in grime just disappear with Boraxo. Even hard-to-kill odors and stains melt away. Yet it's *gentle* to your skin. . . leaves women's and children's hands soft and smooth. Pleasant to use: effective in warm water or cold. And *thrifty*, because so little of it does so much. You'll like Boraxo . . . . try it today!

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

THIS week, for your Easter interest, I thought it would be appropriate to have a talk with a very young lady whose fame is just now blossoming in the springtime of her success. So I went to see Deanna Durbin—not on the screen but in real life—and I wish all of you could have been with me to enjoy the gay, quick, natural friendliness of her ways. She is the sweetest kid I've met in years.

Sweet as she is, determination has been a strong characteristic of hers since babyhood. Deanna knows how to get what she wants.

At the age of three she wanted chewing gum. Refused to have her picture taken—nobody could persuade her to face the family camera—until she had exacted a promise to be kept satisfactorily supplied with gum. She still chews, by the way. We split a stick together. . . . And she is still determined. Not long ago she started learning to bake muffins. At first her muffins were edible—sometimes. Sometimes they weren't so edible. Yet her family had Deanna's muffins for tea every day until she learned how to make them turn out right every time.

Adolphe Menjou is her ideal actor. His witty remarks give her the giggles, but his advice gives her wisdom. At the outset of their first Hollywood job together he said, "Look, Deanna. We have to work just as hard to make a bad picture as we do to make a good one—so let's make a good one."

Another proof of Deanna's determination: She is probably the only human being on record who has twice read Gone With the Wind from cover to cover. "It was the first *big* book I ever had read," she told me seriously, "so I went through it twice to make sure I hadn't missed anything." . . . Later on in our visit she proudly exhibited her hands. "My first manicure," she said. "Mother promised to let me have one if I'd stop biting my nails. So I stopped." . . . Here indeed is a little girl who knows how to get what she wants.

Greatest thrill of her life so far, she says, was the time she sang at a Hollywood party with two grown-up opera stars, Rosa Ponselle and Gladys Swarthout. Afterward, the late Irving Thalberg sent Deanna an enormous bouquet.

"Red roses and white gladioli," she recollected happily, "with orchids on the handles of the baskets. I'll never forget it! There were four orchids. I counted them."

☆ Easter kissing has hastened many a fortunate marriage among Greek Orthodox congregations. I have in mind a girl and boy who loved each other but were torn apart by a land feud between their two families. Her father and his father had become bitter rivals for the ownership of a piece of land. Dramas of this kind have been enacted in every farm community the world over. They are none the less tragic for that. The girl and boy were forbidden to meet. They met in church on Easter morning—the day when Greek Orthodox friends and neighbors are supposed to kiss. They kissed. Nothing could halt their love after that. Their marriage ended the feud.

☆ *Three Easter-gift suggestions, each costing under $2.50. . . .* Charbert's Miniature Perfume Basket with two little flasks of different scents in a charming lilac-and-yellow package. . . . Lenthéric's Lily of the Valley, bringing me recollections of Russian forests where we used to pick wild ones in May. . . . Helena Rubinstein's Flower Shop Bouquet, an eau de Cologne in three garden scents, delightful for your lingerie or for your hair after a shampoo.

Deanna Durbin.

☆ Soldiers and sailors depart for the wars, and some of them come home with medals on their chests. The medals, you may have noticed, are nearly always slung from very pretty striped silk ribbons. Lovely bold bright stripes! And now *we* have stolen a march on the military men. Without going to war at all, we have adopted their heroic ribbons to wear this spring as fashionable bracelets. A large coin or fancy metal ornament may complete the bracelet, or you can have a fob watch dangling from it. The bow ends should perk out saucily from either side of plain metal clips. If any man of yours has been decorated, you might choose the ribbon designating his particular order.

☆ Argument at my house the other evening between Sinclair Lewis, Alexander Kerensky, assorted editors, doctors, lecturers, and wives. Was the debate political? It was not. We were arguing as to what line of work imposes the utmost co-ordination between mind and body. One vote was for the player of a big pipe organ. He must read music, listen to the effect, perform on several banks of keys, pedal with his feet, and work the stops all at the same time. Another vote was for the air pilot landing a large passenger plane in bad weather. We girls voted for the woman in the kitchen. The last half hour, we contended, of preparing a four-course dinner for six or more people requires a greater variety of precise co-ordinations between brain and hand than any other job.

☆ Games of all kinds are winning more and more attention. Game books are extraordinarily popular just now. Newest book of indoor and outdoor games is Fun at Home, by Ray J. Marran. (Published by the D. Appleton-Century Company.)

☆ The Belgians have named their favorite Easter dinner in commemoration of the heroic wartime mayor of Brussels. They call it *Chicken à la Max.* It combines three well known dishes in an unusual way, and I believe you'll like it. . . . First prepare a good creamy mixture of chicken à la king according to any standard recipe, but use plenty of chicken. Arrange each portion on two half slices of white-bread toast; smother with onions fried brown in butter; and surround with French-fried potatoes. A side dish of buttered asparagus provides the regulation accompaniment.

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

Author of "13 STEPS"

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

LESS than half an hour after her marriage to Harry Hanneman, wealthy California politician, Laura Lane tells Les Burns, a journalist, that he is the only one she loves. Les, who is mad about this beautiful former newspaper columnist, is stunned at her appalling deceit. But Laura goes blithely on her honeymoon to New York.

Hack Doyle, managing editor of the Times-Star, mourns the loss of his brilliant protégée, Laura; but his wife, Mimi, and their friend, June Taylor, do not regret it and feel sorry for the bridegroom. However, the pretty June has her own troubles. For years she has been the faithful sweetheart of Jake O'Hara, fighting a losing battle with him against drink. Drunkenness causes Stacey Moise, political rival of Harry Hanneman, to fire Jake as his publicity man. The job is offered Les, which he accepts on condition that the salary still goes to O'Hara.

Unbelievably, Les receives a wire from Laura asking him to meet her plane when it arrives at the Oakland airport. There is no mention of her husband. Disturbed, Les goes to the airport. Laura greets him affectionately. She tells him that Harry returned home alone last night by plane.

At the Hanneman house they come upon Harry's dead body.

It looks like suicide. But Laura is cool. She says that now the road ahead for Les and herself is paved with gold, and to his horror asks: "Shall we travel it together?"

PART TWO—"SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL . ."

GOT a cigarette?" Inspector Levine asked.

I reached for my pocket, glad of anything to break the bitter train of thought, to take my mind off what was going on behind the white door of the operating room.

"I have some," I said quickly.

Levine's voice was vicious as he snapped: "I ain't asking you, Burns. Gimme a smoke, Ed."

Sergeant Delaney, who was sitting on the other side of me, passed his package.

Well, you couldn't blame Levine and Delaney . . . anybody who would cut . . . a woman's throat . . .

YOU'D better take a drink, Les," Hack Doyle told me. "You look like the last hope."

I felt as though I'd been churned up in a bread mixer. I couldn't get it out of my head that Laura might have followed her husband out from New York and killed him. Under the existing plane schedules, it could have been done.

The telephone in the new home Harry Hanneman had built for his bride had not been connected, and Laura and I had gone over to the Doyles' to telephone the police. Now, waiting for them in Hack's living room, I took the drink he offered me.

Laura was cool. If she felt any apprehension, she never showed it for an instant. She didn't show any grief, either. Her voice, perhaps, was a little huskier than usual, her gray eyes a little brighter, as she told Mimi and Hack how we had found Harry's body.

"Look here, Les," Hack said finally. "Did it look like suicide to you?"

"Sure, it looked like suicide," I said.

"But a man in Harry's position, with the whole world before him, a seat in Congress, a swell wife like Laura, all kinds of dough— Well, I don't get it."

"I don't get it either," I said. "On the other hand, if you're thinking of murder, who would kill him?"

"There's Stacey Moise," Hack said slowly. "Now that Harry is out of the way, Moise is a cinch to be our next congressman—heaven help us!"

"Oh, nuts! Moise is a louse, all right. But it takes courage to kill a man in cold blood."

"It's darned funny. Harry is dead, and yet—"

"Stop it, Hack," Mimi ordered. "Haven't you any consideration for poor—"

"Oh, shut up," Hack interrupted wearily.

I said, hoping to keep them from squabbling: "Well, Hack, your star columnist has come back to the fold."

His tired eyes lighted a little. "As long as I am

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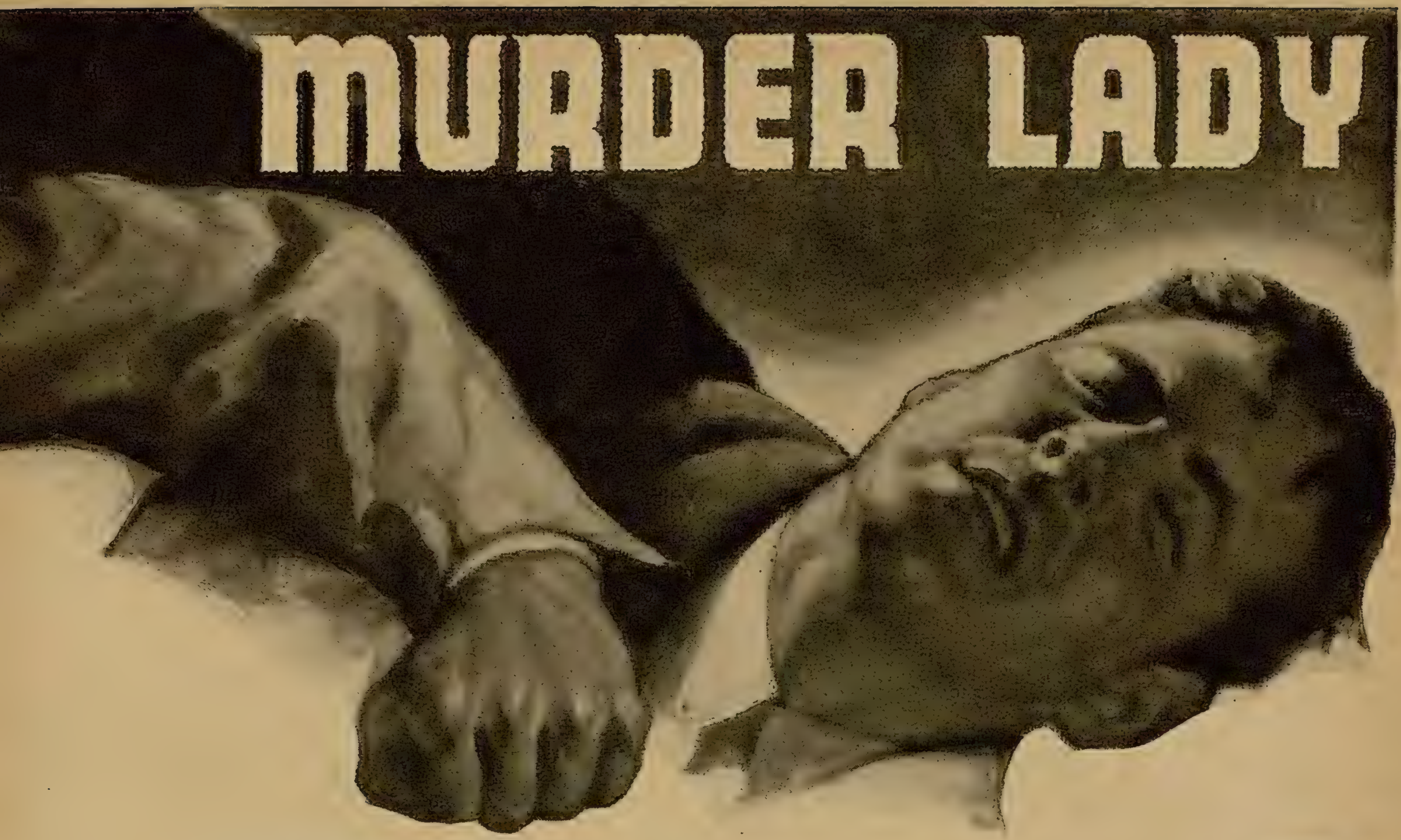

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

managing editor of the Times-Star, Laura has a job any time she wants it. Why, if you come back to work within a few days, Laura, there won't even be a break in the syndicated stuff. Still—it's pretty soon to be talking about—"

" I'll come to work as soon as I decently can," Laura interrupted. " I'd much rather work than sit around thinking—"

The heavy footsteps on the front porch were a welcome sound, and yet I dreaded the next few minutes.

Hack lumbered over to the door, opened it, said:

" Hello, Bill. Come in."

Bill Meek, captain of inspectors, walked in. He nodded to Mimi and me, said: " Hello, Laura. Sorry about this."

Laura's smile was just wan enough to be convincing.

" Sit down, captain," Mimi said brightly. " Could we offer you a highball? But no, you never drink."

I thought of some one else who never drank. Why hadn't I had sense enough to put away that lone glass and bottle we'd found in Harry's living room?

Captain Meek sat down with a weary sigh. " I won't annoy you very long, Laura. Just a few questions."

Laura told him how she had returned from New York a day after Harry, and how she and I had walked in and found the body. As soon as she mentioned my name, Bill Meek looked at me sharply; Meek, like everybody else, knew how Laura stood with me.

" Harry has been dead," the skipper said when Laura had finished, " about twenty-four hours. How did Les Burns happen to meet you tonight? "

" I wired him to meet me," Laura replied, as though her action had been the most natural in the world. " I was coming home a couple of days sooner than Harry expected, and I thought I'd surprise him."

" The gun, of course, was Harry's," Meek continued. " We found the permit in his wallet and checked the serial number. Did you notice, when you walked in, that there weren't any powder marks on his shirt? "

Meek was looking at me when he asked the question, but Laura said calmly: " I'm afraid we were too startled, Bill, to notice details like that."

" Your husband never drank, did he, Laura? " Meek went on.

I gave him everything I had right on the button. He went crashing back against a chair and flopped.

" He always swore he had never tasted liquor in his life," Laura said. But the way she said it, it was almost as though she had added: *Everybody knows, of course, that he drank in secret.*

" Was there any reason, Laura, for Harry to kill himself? " Meek asked.

Laura's mouth twitched.

" I'd rather not talk about it," she said unhappily.

Captain Meek cleared his throat. " I'm sorry, Laura. I'm not inquiring into your private life for fun."

Laura looked up at the rest of us, and Meek said hastily: " Can't you people go out in the kitchen and pour yourselves a drink? "

We could, and did. Leaning on the drainboard, Mimi looked at me with wide, lascivious eyes.

" The way she talked "—Mimi rolled the words with a relish—" Harry had a *reason* for killing himself! "

" Why look at me? " I retorted. " All Laura told me was what a swell time she had in New York and what a swell guy Harry was. And if he had a reason for killing himself, she never told me about it and probably never will."

After a few minutes Captain Meek opened the kitchen door. " You people can come back now. I'm shoving."

He walked out and we went back into the living room. Laura was sitting there sobbing prettily.

Mimi ran out to the kitchen and brought in a drink. " Here, honey. This'll buck you up. I don't see why that old fool Meek had to put you through a third degree."

" Shut up—" Hack ordered wearily. " If the girl wants

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to cry, let her cry. You'll stay here with us tonight, Laura. Where are her bags, Les?"

"They're in my car. I'll get them."

I was glad to get out of the place. Hack was my best friend and Mimi wasn't so bad, when you got to know her and made allowances. But I wanted air. I wanted a minute alone to think.

Down the block there were a lot of cars jamming the street in front of Harry's house, and as I walked along in the crisp air I saw the meat wagon drawing up behind Captain Meek's big black sedan. A dozen people were standing on the sidewalk as I went up to my car.

Two of them came over: Al Herrick and Watt Bellingham, who cover night police.

"Where's Laura?" they both asked in a breath.

"She's at Hack Doyle's. Look, you two. She can't tell you any more than Meek can."

"Forget it," Watt drawled. "We won't buzz her. It must have been tough on the kid, walking in on Harry that way."

"Yes, it sure must have been tough," Al Herrick agreed, just bubbling over with sympathy. "You were with her, weren't you, Les? Must have been a shock, huh?"

Those two highbinders! Passing out the sympathy with one hand and getting ready to cut our throats with the other.

"Listen, you lugs!" I said. "This is no stop-press story. It's just a plain everyday suicide."

Watt Bellingham groaned. "And you used to be a newspaperman! Here you got a guy just married to the most beautiful gal in the State of California, a guy—"

He went on explaining to me why it was such a big story, and he wound up by saying calmly:

"I never smelt the odor of fish so strong in my life. Suicide, huh? Nuts!"

THEY turned and left me. I got Laura's bags out of the car and went back up the street to Hack's.

I went into the house and put Laura's bags inside the door, and then I saw Jake O'Hara coming out of the kitchen. He was soiled and bleary-eyed, and a glass of whisky was slopping in his hand.

"My pal!" he said bitterly. "My old pal! One decent account I get in six months, and my chiseling pal—"

"Skip it," Hack said. "He didn't chisel that account. Moise fired you and you know it."

"Consider it skipped," Jake agreed readily. He took a gulp of whisky and leered at me again. "Well, pal, they just told me the bad news and it stopped me. I don't get it. If you'd waited a few months—but bumping the guy off in only a week—nerve, I calls it—crust—"

I walked out. Up the street half a block there was a light in June Taylor's living room. Jake had come from there probably, rounding up a few drinks for himself after his own supply had run out.

June answered my ring.

"Oh. Hello, Les."

She looked tired. Her brown curls, usually so neat, needed brushing. Her brown eyes, usually so bright, were dull and listless.

"Hello, small one. How are you?"

She held the door open and I went into the living room. Pop was there with a bottle of beer.

"Hi!" I said.

Pop took one look at me, grunted some greeting, and walked into his room and closed the door. I realized all at once that June was cold and unsmiling.

Well, I didn't feel like arguing. I took out the check Moise had given me for my first week's work.

"See that this is deposited in Jake's bank account, if any."

She scarcely looked at it. Abruptly I felt sorry for her. She was so small and tired, and yet so loyal and brave. I couldn't blame her for accepting Jake's story that I'd chiseled him out of his job. And yet—we'd been friends for a long time—she should have known—

"Jake doesn't need your money, Les."

SHE walked away from me and went over and sat on the day bed. I turned on my heel without a word. With my hand on the doorknob, I checked myself and walked back and sat down beside her. I put my arm around her shoulders.

"Look, kid. You've got me wrong. Maybe I should go on about my business. But we've been too good friends to let a misunderstanding like this come between us. I went up to see Stacey Moise the other day to try to get him to take Jake back. I argued my head off, but it was absolutely out. He vowed he'd never have Jake in his office again. He'll probably cool in a few weeks, but in the meantime I am going to do the work and Jake is going to get the money. . . . That's just temporary, you see, until Jake pulls himself together."

And for an awkward few minutes a pretty girl was crying on my shoulder. But I had no feeling that I wanted to run. On the contrary, I wanted to stay there and do something to lighten June Taylor's load.

I shoved the check in her hand. "Don't say anything about it now. When Jake sobers up, he'll understand. He'll get his job back, too, and it'll be a good one. Moise, the rat, is a cinch to win the primary—now."

And then it dawned on me that of course she didn't know about Harry. I told her what had happened—just the bare facts. Typically, though she had been a newspaperwoman, and a good one, her first thought was not of motives but of Laura.

"That poor girl! What an awful shock, finding him like that! And poor Harry. He had so much to live for."

But no prying questions. I could have kissed her!

Then Jake O'Hara came back. I thought I'd hear his footsteps on the front porch and be able to slip out the back door. But no; he was just drunk enough to be cagey—to have a hunch where I'd be and sneak up on us.

The door opened, and there he was, swaying. And there was I, with my arm still around June. Jake said:

"You defeat me, Burns. How many women do you want, anyway?" His voice was casual but there was no hiding the bitter meanness in his bloodshot blue eyes.

I stood up, ignoring him. "I'll be seeing you, June."

She started with me toward the door, which was blocked by the hard swaying bulk of O'Hara.

"It's not enough to take my job," said Jake; "you got to move in on my gal, too."

"Please shut up, Jake," June said sharply.

"Why, you lousy little tramp—"

Well, if there was anybody on the Hill who *wasn't* a tramp, it was June Taylor.

Jake was begging for it, and I looked at June, praying for the slightest sign of encouragement. Instead, she drew back and let him have the flat of her hand across the mouth.

I DON'T know who was the most shocked by her action, Jake or me or June. But O'Hara took a step backward. His jaw dropped. For an instant he stared blankly at June.

And then his eyes were wild again and he was drawing back his fist. I gave him everything I had right on the button. He went crashing back against a chair and flopped, out cold.

June looked at him dispassionately, shrugged.

"I'm sorry, kid," I said.

"Don't be sorry, Les. He had it coming. And if he makes the slightest fuss when he comes to, I'm going to phone the police and have him locked up. I may do it anyway."

I heard Pop Taylor's feet hit the floor as he rolled off the bed.

"Good night, June," I said quickly. "Don't worry about Jake. He'll come to and be all right. Only I'd better not be here when he wakes up."

I went out on the porch and she followed me, closed the door.

She put her arm around my neck and stood up on tiptoe and kissed me. And her kiss, perhaps because she was so distraught, was not at all sisterly. And kissing her back, feeling her warm thin body against mine, I didn't feel at all brotherly toward her.

Stumbling down the stairs, a little breathless, I said to myself:

What kind of a lug are you? Loving Laura all these years, and then getting a vicarious thrill out of kissing June Taylor. Did Jake have the right idea after all? Just how many women do you want?

And walking along the street and up the stairs of Hack's house I kept answering my conscience: *I don't want anybody but Laura. Never, since I first saw her, have I wanted*

1

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anybody but Laura. And now, with Harry Hanneman out of the way, with Laura's dream of going to Washington blasted, I'm going to have her.

Pausing on the porch and looking down the street, I saw that Captain Meek's car was still in front of Harry's. The meat wagon had gone.

Now, why doesn't Meek go too? What's he hanging around for?

Inside, I found Hack pulling out the day bed in the living room and I heard Mimi and Laura talking in the bedroom.

We got the bed made up after a while and went out to the kitchen for a drink. Mimi came out to us finally and said: "I'll have one of those, and then we'll go to bed. I don't want to rush you, Les, but Laura's worn out. That plane trip all the way from New York is plenty tiresome."

All the way from New York?

"So-o-o—" Mimi poured herself a husky shot, looked at me, and grinned. "Go in and kiss her good night and scram."

I WENT into the living room. Laura lay propped on pillows in the day bed, looking ill and sad—and so beautiful in a low-cut black nightgown, she knocked my breath out.

"Darling!" she murmured, and held out a slender hand.

I sat down on the edge of the bed and just looked at her, too choked by emotion to try to speak.

The widely set, starry gray eyes were enormous under the damp sooty lashes. The curves of her chin and throat were as sweet and clean and smooth as a baby's. The full expressive lips were smiling with a wistful sadness that would wring your heart.

I said bitterly: "That's it, baby. Turn on the charm."

"Please, darling!"

"Don't you ever get tired playing?"

"Les dear!"

"What's this one? The deathbed scene from Camille? Well, it's wasted. I'm going."

"Les darling!"

And then my head was against her breast and her arms were tight around me. She was whispering:

"You'll stand by me, won't you, darling? You'll *always* stand by me."

"I'll always stand by you," I babbled.

"We can be so happy, sweet, if only you'll stop hating me."

"I love you, Laura."

"I know you do, darling. But you hate me too. Why?"

"I tell you I love you!"

"Then kiss me."

I kissed her. My blood was hot and my brain reeled. I hardly knew what I was doing.

I don't know whether she kissed me back or not. I don't know whether I aroused the slightest response in the cold beautiful shell of her body. All at once Mimi was saying:

"Well!" And again: "*Well!*"

I got up and stumbled out of the room.

Bill Meek's car was still in front of the Hanneman house. I knew I shouldn't go in. I knew I ought to keep as far away from Bill Meek as I could get.

And yet something drew me up the long flight of concrete steps like a magnet—like a murderer morbidly returning to the scene of his crime.

I found Meek, with Sergeant Delaney and Inspector Levine, sitting in the living room. Delaney and Levine were drinking some of Harry's Scotch. Captain Meek was just sitting there, rubbing his chin.

"Hello, Les," Meek said. "Come in."

I walked in, all three of them giving me the eye. I could feel my entrails begin to squirm. *What a sap I was to come in here!*

"Tough about Harry, huh?" Joe Levine remarked after a minute. I wasn't sure, but I thought he tossed a wink at Captain Meek.

"Plenty," I said.

The whisky glass which had been on the coffee table when we found Harry was gone. So was the gun.

Well, I had to get it off my chest. "What do you think, skipper?" I asked, trying to be casual.

Meek laughed hollowly. "What are you talking about?"

"Do you think he killed himself?"

Meek shrugged. "Is it my place to form opinions?"

It was, but I didn't press the point.

"What I think is of no importance," he went on. "This is a job for the coroner's jury."

"You talk like he might have been murdered," I remarked.

"Well?"

He might just as well have said: *"I know he was murdered!"*

I didn't like to let it go at that. I wanted to ask more questions. I wanted to find out how much he knew, what evidence he had, whom he suspected.

But I was no longer a newspaperman and had no legitimate excuse for buzzing him. He probably wouldn't have answered my questions anyway.

Driving downtown, the thought that kept running through my mind was:

Could she possibly have planned it all far in advance, worked it out to the last detail, to the last minute? And if she had, why? Money? A million dollars or more?

NEWSBOYS on the corners were yelling about the suicide. I bought a paper and walked into the nearest bar to read it. I ordered a beer and spread the paper on the mahogany. The rewrite man on this particular job had left it at suicide, just straight suicide.

As I was drinking my beer I heard a familiar booming voice down the bar. I turned, and there was Stacey Moise, buying drinks for a dozen admirers. I heard somebody say, "Here's to you, congressman!" and I expected to see the big shyster's buttons pop across the bar.

Moise and some of his cronies were celebrating—there is no other way to put it—the death of Harry Hanneman!

That burned me, and I swore then and there that Stacey Moise would never go to Congress. Not ever. Not even if I had to kill him to stop him.

"Mr. Burns! Oh, Mr. Burns!"

I turned, and there in a booth across the bar was Peggy Maple, the neat blonde Judy who worked for Stacey Moise. She was alone, and I went over and sat down across the table from her. As usual, her lips were too red, her eyebrows too black, her eyes too bright, her dress too tight around the chest. She reminded me of a noisy, brightly plumaged bird—a blue jay, maybe.

"Hi-yuh, babe?" I said.

"I'm grand." She locked her fingers under her chin and gave me one of those smiles which inferred there was oh, *so* much between us.

"Are you going to be nicer to me when I'm private secretary to a congressman?"

"Has Moise told you that?"

"He gave me his word," she said. "He promised me weeks ago that if he was elected he'd make me his secretary—maybe his wife!"

"Moise is paying alimony to three wives now. And a three-time loser fears the fire."

"A three-time loser *loves* the fire," Peggy contradicted, adding with that worldly smile of hers: "And I guess maybe you know the kind of fire I mean."

"I guess maybe I do."

I WAS thinking fast. Stacey Moise was *not* going to Congress. What better way to stop him than to get him in a jam with this little tramp?

It was worth working on, anyway, even at the expense of having to cultivate Miss Peggy Maple. *"Call me Peggy," huh? Oke! I'll call you Peggy and a lot of other things, probably, before I get through with you.*

"I'm for you, anyway," I said. "You know why?"

"Because," she smiled, "you like to see a little girl get along."

"Right," I agreed.

"Wrong. You've hated me from the first time you walked into the office. I don't know why you should, but you do."

I knew why I should, though I was finding out only at that very minute. She and Laura Lane, in looks, were much alike. But this girl Peggy, for all her obvious cheapness, had fire.

Laura was cold. To the best of my knowledge and belief, Laura was icy. And so I resented, and maybe even hated, this blonde tramp across the table.

"I said I don't know why you should hate me, but you do," Peggy went on, so earnestly I almost felt sorry for her. "And, hating both Moise and me, you'd like nothing better than to see us married."

It was the first glimmer of real intelligence I'd seen in her during the week I'd known her.

"Suppose we get off this hate theme," I suggested. "I don't hate anybody—very much. If you want to make a play for Stacey, I'm for you. I told you that a minute ago. And if there's any way I can boost your stock with Moise, count on my doing it. Here comes the big lug now."

He was weaving toward us from the bar, and his beaming face was the face of a man who believes the gods have smiled on him.

"Hi, Les!" he bubbled, lurching into the seat beside Peggy. "What you trying to do, old boy? Steal my Judy?"

I was getting sick of that question, but I said: "Would you blame me, congressman?"

He put his arm around the girl, who snuggled up in the approved fashion. "Some baby, eh, Les? Boy! Can I pick 'em!" Then he hastily wiped away his smile on his sleeve, said: "Sure tough about Harry. Why'd you say he bumped himself?"

"I didn't say."

"No? Well— Look! How about dropping up to my apartment for a few drinks? Just you and me and Peggy. I got some good Scotch up there, Les, and—"

I was so fed up on the pair of them I was ready to chew nails.

"I'm sorry, Moise," I said heavily. "This isn't my night to celebrate. I'm off to bed. But before I go, just a bit of friendly advice."

"Sure, Les. Shoot!" he ordered.

"Don't take this gal up to your apartment. You still have enemies, you know, and some one might see

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Mary is pretty—she *should* be popular. Yet night after night she sits alone while men take other girls out!

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This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U— thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally," to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get — the skin blemishes — the fatigue — the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

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It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L.4-23, 152 W. 65th Street, New York City—NOW!

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Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

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"INTERNAL BATHS END YEARS OF BAD HEALTH"

Mr. Aul at age of 73

"I almost feel like shouting the news from the housetops! It is absolutely amazing to think that so simple a thing as Internal Baths could produce such marvelous results. . . . You couldn't get me to stop taking Internal Baths for $1,000, now that I've found out how wonderful they keep me feeling." **Leopold Aul**

And, Mr. Aul continues

"WHAT a thrilling thing it is to find yourself suddenly restored to happiness, vitality and vigor! Imagine how you feel when you can say 'goodbye' to headaches, biliousness and mental sluggishness that have been sapping your energy for years!

"That's what happened to me. One day when I was feeling especially bad—with a wretched headache and nervous as a cat—I met an old friend who noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I was aging. He said 'You're probably suffering from intestinal poisoning and don't realize it. Why don't you take Internal Baths?' And after he told me what Internal Baths would do for me—bring new vigor and well-being, change my entire outlook on life—I lost no time in securing my J.B.L. Cascade. It was a turning point in my life. My one regret is that I did not learn of Internal Baths long ago."

(signed) **Leopold Aul**
1505 Bushwick Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

you. Now, you and I and Miss Maple know your intentions would be strictly honorable. Why, *yes!* But somebody might misinterpret them—though I don't quite see how. So long—congressman."

I went home to my apartment and went to bed, thinking—thinking too much—of Stacey Moise and the little blonde job, of June Taylor and drunken Jake O'Hara, of Laura Lane and the future.

The next morning the papers were still calling Harry's death a suicide. Because all the newspaper crowd had liked him, they played the story down as much as they dared. There was no hint of scandal, no suggestion of murder. There wasn't even any speculation in regard to motive.

Laura called me about ten.

"Look, darling. I'm coming downtown. Will you take me to lunch?"

"Of course."

"I want to talk about a lawyer with you."

"Lawyer!"

"Oh, don't jump at conclusions, darling. I haven't been arrested—for anything. I was thinking of Harry's estate."

You would!

"I'll need an attorney to handle my affairs and, while it may sound frightfully premature, I thought I'd better line one up. I was thinking of this fellow who was running for Congress against Harry. Moise? Stacey Moise?"

IT was just as though she had crossed a fast one to the solar plexus. The punch knocked all the wind out of me. I couldn't say a word.

"Darling! Are you there?"

"I won't know until tomorrow," I managed. "Stacey Moise! Help!"

"Don't try always to be funny, dear. They tell me Moise is an expert at probate work."

"At cheating the government, yes," I told her.

"Well?"

"Oh, pass it. Where will I meet you?"

"Well, I want to see Hack. I'll meet you in his office at one o'clock."

"O. K."

"Thanks, darling. You're so sweet."

You won't think I'm sweet when I start talking about Stacey Moise!

And yet, what good would it do to talk to Laura if she had made up her mind?

And, thinking about the possible alignment of those two, I was frightened. Because Laura, now, was worth a million dollars. And Stacey Moise could smell the possibility of blackmail further than a hound dog smells a 'coon."

How can a man love and hate a woman at the same time? And to what end will this strange mixture of emotion lead Les Burns? If Laura proves guilty of the crime, as he suspects, what will he do? The mystery grows still more enthralling in next week's Liberty.

100,000 Miles FREE Vacation Travel

Rock Island
ROCK ISLAND
THE ROCKET

Another modern way to get there. Rock Island Lines photo.

Yellowstone vacationers. Northern Pacific photo.

Independence Hall, Philadelphia.
Pa. Dept. of Highways photo.

ARE you going to win your share of the vacation mileage Liberty will award at the close of this contest? If you've already started your entry, now is the time to get busy on Coupon 5. If you have not started and want to win a vacation trip to the place of your dreams, there's no time like the present. Read the Rules and then solve the jumbles on this page. An example to help you: Jumble—YONLOWTESEL; solution—YELLOWSTONE. Now, if you need to make up lost ground, send five cents in stamps (to cover the cost of handling and mailing) for reprints of the first four coupons, using the address in Rule 6. When they arrive you can put your entry even with the field at your leisure.

NOTE TO ALL CONTESTANTS!

Please add a terminal "E" to jumble 4, Coupon 1, making the jumble read GRAYNELE as originally constructed, and correct your solution accordingly.

THESE BRIEF RULES EXPLAIN HOW TO WIN YOUR TRIP

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names, each of which, when the letters are rearranged in correct order, will form the name of a well known vacation resort.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list your solutions for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than one hundred words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be adjudged the best and will receive the First Prize of 25,000 miles of transportation figured at two cents a mile. In the order of their excellence on this basis, vacation mileage will be awarded to the next best entries as follows: Second Prize, 12,500 miles; three Third Prizes, 5,000 miles each; ten Fourth Prizes, 2,500 miles each; and twenty-five Fifth Prizes, 900 miles each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resort Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 8, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

Mount Hood. Oregon State Highway Dept. photo.

Yosemite Valley scene. Southern Pacific photo.

Many Glacier Hotel. Glacier National Park photo.

No. 5...USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON!

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3. DICNOTAGORE	....
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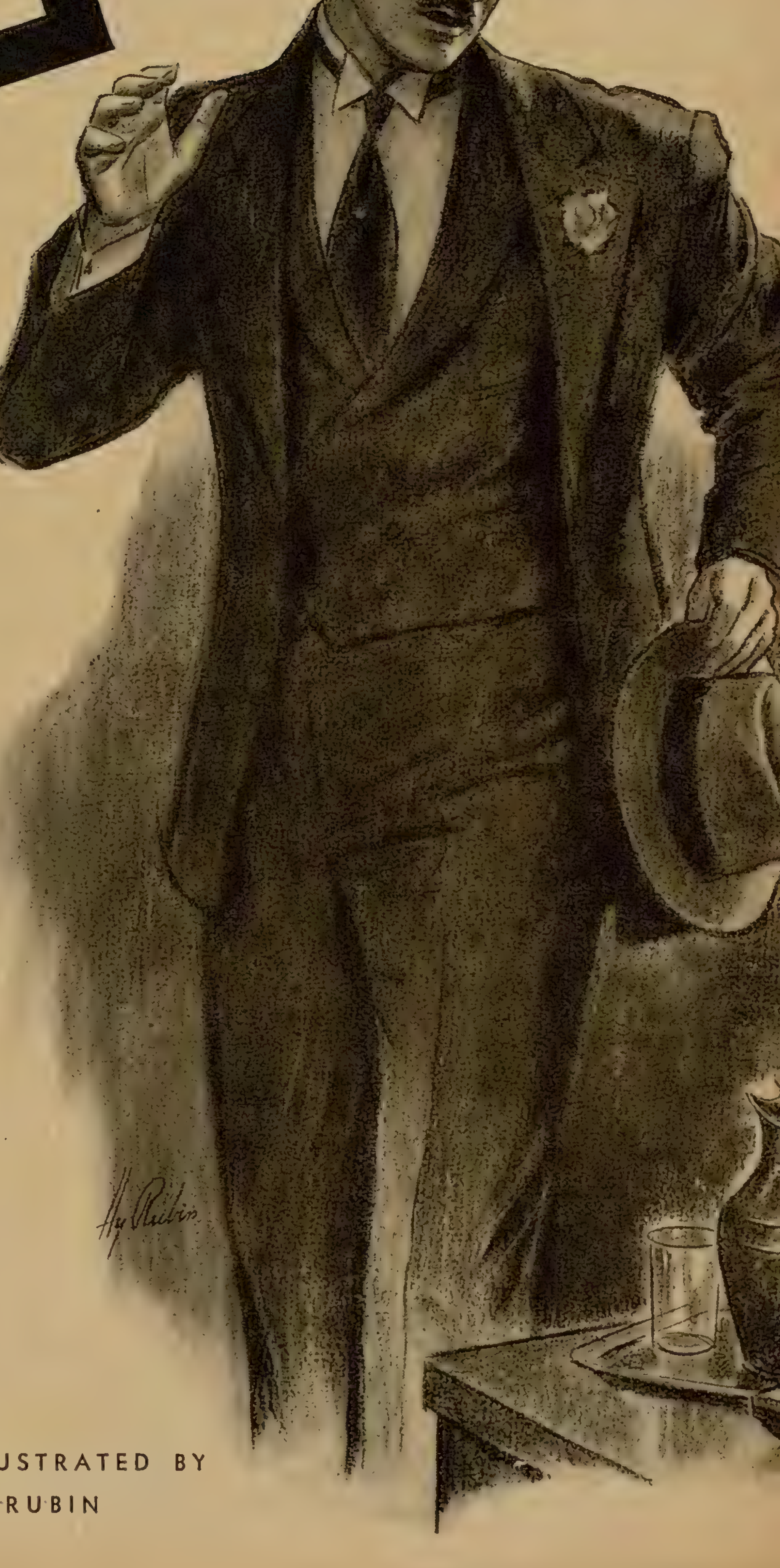
5. SOWFOODKALE	....
6. ROANEK	....
7. TALERUNSINA	....
8. THANCOGOP	....
9. DANNDSLOUSISATH	....
10. YONMETER	....

Doctors DON'T Tell

BY DR. "GEORGE B. RAYMOND"

A true, revealing chronicle turns the light on two dark sides of a noble profession



ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Good doctors are represented throughout this series, as they are nearly everywhere, and already Dr. "Raymond" has taken his readers through a good medical school and a good city hospital. Thus his story by no means implies a denunciation of his whole profession. It does, however, break through that screen of "medical ethics" which too often hides those doctors who deserve to be denounced. It presents facts; all names and places in it are changed beyond the possibility of identification.

Last week Dr. "Raymond" pictured two kinds of parents: those of a girl of eleven on whom he operated for a ruptured appendix, and those of a boy of the same age with a torn intestine. The former were well-to-do. Their hysteria seriously complicated the fight for their child's life—and when it had been saved, the father told the doctor he would have to sue for the amount of his quite reasonable bill. The boy's father, a poor man, tried in gratitude to pay every dollar he had in the world, and insisted upon writing a check for twice the sum the doctor asked of him.

PART NINE—FEES . . AND ABORTIONS

UNCLE BILLY always said that the real test of a doctor's ability, provided he wasn't a fee-splitter, was whether or not other doctors sent him their cases. "Patients," he said, "boost their own physician to satisfy their ego in their selection. But if your rival doctors think you're good, you *are* good."

I felt, therefore, that I had made a big step forward when, after two years in Canaking, I broke the thick ice of "referred work." Dr. Simons of Morrisville sent me his surgery cases.

Morrisville was a village about eighteen miles north of Canaking, with a population of 3,500 and four physicians. Dr. Simons, a patriarchal old gentleman, had the largest practice, and for a long time he had been sending his hospital cases to Canaking.

He dropped in one day. "I am getting along in years," he began, "and my surgical cases worry me. Dr. Fowler's been doing my surgical work, but somehow my patients don't seem so friendly-like, once I turn 'em over to him."

Knowing Fowler's sniping methods, I wasn't surprised, but I held my peace.

"When they come back home, they have the idea that they should have gone to Fowler in the first place, and not bothered about me. It's getting around town, and I don't like it. Hurts a fellow's pride. So I figure I am going to make a change. Now, if I send you any surgical cases, how much do I get out of it?"

"Not one penny, Dr. Simons, if you refer to a split in surgical fees," I replied; "but if you wish to send me work, I would suggest you assist me at the operation, then you can render a bill for 'assistance.'"

"But I never did much assisting. Never much of a hand with the instruments," he confessed.

"That'll be all right. I can get along with your help, I'm sure. The important thing from your standpoint is that your presence at the operation should be known to your patient and the family. I suppose you would also want me to do post-operative treatment, and perhaps give you a hand in looking over your people before operation?"

"Young fellow, I like your idea," he declared, after plenty of thought. "I want you to do the operation and post-operative treatment, and I'll come in once or twice a week, and we'll go over my hospital patients, whether they are to be operated on or not, and decide what's best to do for 'em. If you have to operate, you charge your regular fee and I'll charge an assistant's fee. It's a deal."

He held out his hand, which I shook cordially.

"Think I can get Dr. Brill over at Reedsport to let you do the same thing for him," he piped. "He's an old fellow like me. Gettin' kinda rusty. Never been away to study. But even if we ain't so awful good, we don't like to have it rubbed in."

The upshot of this conference was that I did referred work for both Drs. Simons and Brill, and later on for three other physicians, Drs. Gibbons and Adams from Canaking, and Dr. Willard from near-by Danesville.

"If they approve, I will be glad to do your work." His face turned a violent red. He grabbed his hat.

I didn't offer this "assistant's fee" plan, you may be sure, without having consulted my wise old mentor, Uncle Billy, who wrote me one of his characteristic letters on the subject. Here it is:

DEAR GEORGE:

I have always believed that the idea of inviting a physician to assist in operating on a patient he has referred to me was good sense. Just to be present at the operation gives the physician referring the case a standing with his patient, which is sometimes quite as important to the patient's recovery as the operation itself or the medication given in the after-treatment.

It also saves the physician's face with himself. He realizes, you understand, his delicate situation in not being able to do the operation himself. By permitting him to assist, you maintain his morale and you breed confidence between physicians—both factors of inestimable benefit to the patient.

Fifty per cent of our physicians get dull in their work through lack of keeping up on their reading and studying, and failing to attend medical conferences or take post-graduate work.

If this is acknowledged, and it is by every thinking physician, why not—instead of giving our physicians one final examination when they are licensed, and then forgetting them forever—give examinations to all practicing physicians every five years? This would go a long way toward keeping our men keenly up on their work.

After physicians leave the classrooms, they get experience, but they soon lose the finer points of differential diagnoses. If they had to qualify every five years, they wouldn't slip back.

Then we wouldn't see heart cases diagnosed as stomach ulcers, or appendicitis diagnosed as gallstones, or typhoid as appendicitis.

Meanwhile, George, study as you go along, as I do to this day, and have since 1888, my year of graduation. If I had not, I would still be trying to get along on 1888 ideas and methods. But don't, on the contrary, work 1935 methods in 1930. That's too progressive!

Yours,
UNCLE B.

I NEVER regretted following Uncle Billy's advice on this "assistant" idea. My association with these five older physicians threw great light on the hardships of the average country doctor, and showed me what a kindly soul he usually is, and what respect he is held in.

I recall making the rounds with one of these physicians, for whom I was not only serving as a surgeon but also giving consulting diagnostic help. At the hospital, once or twice a week, he would take me around to look over all of his cases. Then he would pull me into some quiet corner, and have me suggest what I thought should be done with each case.

This particular day he had me look at a boy about seven years of age. The poor little fellow was just covered with blotches of angry red-brown, crusty ulcers. He was emaciated, gaunt, and highly nervous. He had had convulsions at the age of three, and had tended to be delicate and frail ever since.

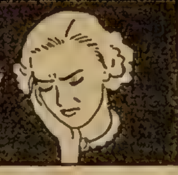
"What are you prescribing?" I asked.

"Bromides," my confrere replied. "They're the only thing that'll keep this boy's nerves quiet. Had him on bromides off and on for years. Recently he got these scabs. Now, what in tarnation are they?"

I was in a ticklish position. The boy actually had bromide poisoning, caused by the doctor prescribing bromides in large, very large, doses. But I couldn't presume to censor his medication.

"We can get rid of these ulcers easily," I assured him. "There is a new treatment for this sort of thing. Let's give him some ultra-violet lamp treatments, some vitamins by mouth, a special diet with plenty of rare meat, and some calcium. His ulcers will clear up, as well as his nervousness." Then I added, as if it were an afterthought, "We'll stop the bromides."

"Would you write up the treatment so I can think it over?" he asked, trying to appear casual and deliberate.



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NOW LIFE'S SO CHEERY!

Wonderful How Life Brightens When Constipation is Relieved!

Don't let constipation spoil your fun—steal your pep! See if your whole life isn't brightened by FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing-gum laxative 16 million users praise. You'll appreciate these 3 special benefits:

1. NO STOMACH UPSET—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to further burden an already overburdened digestion.
2. CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION—the chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
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It's *right* for the whole family. Splendid for children, too—they love the flavor. FEEN-A-MINT won't gripe, nauseate, or disturb sleep. Get a package today. At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package, Dept. 33, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

NO OTHER TYPE OF LAXATIVE CAN DO EXACTLY WHAT FEEN-A-MINT DOES

Announcing

Another Bernarr Macfadden School

Now the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation has established a new year-round boarding school for boys and girls from two to eleven years of age. This completely equipped, non-profit school is situated atop a commanding ridge in beautiful Westchester County—less than an hour's drive from New York City.

Here is a school which trains the body as well as the mind. Staffed by carefully selected, registered public-school teachers, this new-type school offers youngsters from pre-school age through the sixth grade competent, individual guidance. Plenty of good, wholesome body-building food and directed outdoor activities soon bring miraculous results. Summer camp during June, July and August. Write for particulars to:

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST HOTEL TOPS THE WORLD IN HOTEL VALUE

3000 ROOMS WITH BATH

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"AMERICA'S GRAND HOTEL"

"Certainly," I replied, and wrote it out, knowing full well he would merely rewrite it and give it to the supervising nurse as his own prescription—which he did.

The youngster, under the treatment, cleared up quickly. I made no mention of the doctor having used my suggested treatment; neither did he. He even boasted to the family, and in my presence, of his ability to cure these difficult "nervous cases." My keeping a poker face and saying nothing at such times did nobody any harm, and made our association a happy one for both of us.

Another man, Dr. Willard, had me come out into the country to see a case he was treating for boils. The young man was very ill. He had a series of angry-looking ulcers extending from his eyes across his face and neck and partially down his back.

I questioned the patient at some length, and learned, among other things, that he had been hunting and cleaning rabbits. Like a flash, I recalled Charlie Leon who had a strange disease like typhoid in my medical school days—tularemia or rabbit fever—which appears in some cases as an ulceration on the face, neck, and back.

Privately I conveyed this idea to Dr. Willard.

"Never heard of it!" he exclaimed. "What can we do for it?"

"Serum treatment, drainage for ulcers, and rest."

"But what can we tell the family? I have told them it was boils."

"Leave it to me."

The family were anxiously awaiting us.

"Dr. Willard believes Frank's boils have come from handling diseased rabbits," I told them, "and I agree with the doctor. It's a new disease, and I compliment you, Dr. Willard, on being able to diagnose it correctly." Willard's face beamed; he seemed to stand a little more erect. "Be very careful of the dishes that your son uses, also his bandages and linen, so you won't transfer the infection to yourselves.

"I also agree with Dr. Willard's intention to give Frank serum treatments," I continued. "I believe if you just let your doctor carry on, Frank will come along well."

I THEN bade them good-by and skipped into Danesville to await Willard at his office. I didn't have to wait long. He sprang from his car like a ten-year-old. "What do you mean," he cried, "by making me so blamed good in the eyes of my patient? Man, I can't keep my hat on!"

I had another chap who wanted me to do his surgery. He was the over-prosperous, overfed, just-a-bit-too-loudly-dressed, hail-fellow-well-met type of physician. Rumor had it that he had a tremendous practice for the size of the town he was in, Rice Lake, about 1,500 inhabitants. His patients seemed to be mostly women. They came from far and wide.

Anyway, one afternoon, into my consulting room breezed this Dr. Smith. He said:

"Dr. Raymond, I understand you are doing quite a little referred surgical work for some of our physicians."

I nodded.

"I don't do surgery," he informed me, "but I do have quite a few surgical cases. Dr. Bellows in Genevaton has been doing my work. However, I want to change. Genevaton is a bit too far away. I had thought that, if we could come to an understanding, you might do the work I am now sending to Bellows."

"What kind of an understanding?"

"Well—er—you see," he fumbled, groping for words, "I seem to have a way with the women. I sort of limit my practice to gynecology."

"Must be difficult to have a G. Y. N. practice and not do surgery," I observed, drawing him on.

"It is," he admitted. "But I can see you're not a strait-laced crusader. I will be very direct. I prescribe a great amount of emmenagogues, and I do occasionally—for exploratory purposes *only*, mind you—use a sounding instrument."

THE leer he gave me was not becoming to him or, I must admit, complimentary to me. But I was determined to find out how far he would commit himself.

"I see," I replied, as if carefully considering his proposal.

"But, of course," he went on with more confidence, "if I should, by chance, accidentally explore where a pregnancy is present, '*accidents*' will sometimes occur, and, naturally, my patients will need a surgeon."

"Do you have many of these 'accidents'?"

"Perhaps three or four a week."

"Aren't there ever any investigations of them?"

"Oh, my, no! That's easy when you know how! I treat the—er—wound with mercurochrome or some other red dye which can be mistaken for hemorrhage. Now, you know, Dr. Raymond, no fair, decent physician can refuse to treat a woman who is hemorrhaging! And that's where my proposition to you comes in."

"How is that?"

"It's like this. A patient comes to me, doesn't feel so good. I make a thorough examination, and an 'accident' occurs. I explain to her that I don't do surgery, and I recommend that she go to a surgeon at once—you, for instance. She comes to you. You understand about the red dye. You tell the patient she is hemorrhaging. You book her at the hospital for a legitimate operation, a dilation and curettage. You do an emergency operation—curette the patient. Nobody learns about the red dye. Oh, I forgot to say that you collect a hundred dollars from me before she goes to the hospital. I phone you when to expect these 'accidents.'"

So that was the way he worked it! He created "accidents," collected a fee, and turned the patient over to another physician who, on the face of it, appeared to be doing a legitimate operation. Actually, the second physician was committing a criminal procedure, and was a fool—for if anything went wrong and the patient died, it would be the physician who operated who would be the goat. Dr. Smith really didn't appear in the picture. Yet he was the actual abortionist. The scheme had only one drawback. It required two people to work it.

"Your proposition, Dr. Smith, is very interesting and informative. I would be glad to do your surgery, *provided* you submit your methods to the Wells County Medical Society, the Board of Governors of the General Hospital, and Father Bradley. If they approve of your 'accidents,' I will be very glad to do your work."

His face turned a violent red. He grabbed his hat.

"And while you are getting their approval," I added, "get it in writing. You might also get the district attorney to give his consent."

He turned around, stuck out his tongue at me like a schoolboy, and slammed the door behind him. I opened the windows to let out the bad air.

Some of the other medics with whom I came in contact during my six years in Canaking, though more "ethical" than Smith, were quite as great menaces to society.

One man was so incompetent that he could not put one single stitch in a tear resulting from childbirth. Acting as an emergency anesthetist, I had given the patient ether for two hours while he floundered around, not knowing what to do. Finally I refused to go on, because we were endangering the woman's life, and took the instruments from his hands. It took less than two minutes to put in the repair stitch. For this I had to suffer the humiliation of explaining my action to the hospital board, because my incompetent friend complained that he had been insulted. He had a friend on the board.

An internal medical man in Morrisville suddenly went surgical, operated on a girl of sixteen. Wielding the same knife he had used to sever a pus appendix, he speared with this contaminated knife a small cyst on the ovary of the girl. The patient died from blood poisoning just three days later. She was far too young to die.

A wealthy young woman, obviously a case of exophthalmic goiter, was told by one physician that diseased tonsils were causing her trouble. They were removed—with no effect on the goiter. Another doctor diagnosed the case as appendicitis. Out came the appendix—without results. Finally, at the point of desperation, she attempted suicide, and was brought into my office by her brother-in-law. After two months' preparation, she was operated upon for what was plainly the matter with her, the goiter. Today she is well and happy. Her first two operations were obviously either the product of ridiculous stupidity or motivated by financial gain.

I recall, also, the case of the slightly inebriated gentleman who awoke one night with his binge partially slept off, to yell that he had swallowed his false teeth. His doctor, half asleep, rushed him to the hospital, and—although it was against the hospital rules—attempted to take an X-ray picture himself. On the resulting plate, he believed he saw the shadow of the false teeth in the patient's chest.

Anyway, an emergency operation was started. He cut through the chest to get the false teeth. In his haste, his heroic impetuosity, and his sleepiness, he hacked into the patient's aorta, the main artery coming from the heart. In less than it takes to write this, the patient was shaking hands with St. Peter.

It was discovered later that the gentleman's teeth were at home under his pillow!

There were, I concluded, two major causes for most of these hideous mistakes: The rustiness of the old physician and the greediness of the young. The first cause will pass. The second seems to be on the increase.

Just what, in medical care and in dollars and cents, is the difference to the patient between a good clinic and a bad one? Dr. "Raymond" got a most revealing answer to this grave question when he thought of heading a clinic in Canaking. He will share that revelation with you next week.

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Hotel Hostess

BY FAITH BALDWIN

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KINGHAN

Every day Judith Gillmore finds her job as hostess at the Rivermount Hotel in Hillhigh becoming more and more complicated. First, Bert Wallace, a wealthy playboy whom Judy knew before her father's financial disaster and subsequent suicide, invites her to his rooms for cocktails and proceeds to make love to her. Since his father backs the hotel, Judy does not want to antagonize him, but she is uncertain how long she can fend off his advances without making him angry.

Second, there is Betty Corbin, young daughter of Alex Corbin, the hotel manager. Betty is in love with Bill Martin, a doctor who lives at the Rivermount, and is jealous of Bill's friendship with Judy. Although the pretty schoolgirl flirts with Saks Lewis, leader of the hotel's college orchestra, she has eyes only for Bill when he is around.

Judy forgets her difficulties for a time in arranging picnics and parties for the large crowd that comes to the hotel over a long holiday week-end during which she gets rid of Bert by pairing him off with Mrs. Ellerton, an attractive divorcee. But on Monday, when all but the regular guests leave, she finds herself face to face with her problems again—and discovers that a new one has been added. That afternoon Betty hurts her ankle. Judy is with Bill when he gets the news. After he has left her to rush to Betty, she suddenly realizes that she loves him. She considers giving up her job.

PART FOUR—AN ADVENTURE IN THE NIGHT

Danger ahead! . . A vivid, beguiling romance of youth moves excitingly on to the beat of a woman's heart

WHEN on Tuesday morning Judith woke after a brief deep sleep, the back of her neck felt poker-stiff with tension and her eyes were very heavy. But the sun shone, birds sang, and beyond her window she could see the superb calm of the mountains and the silver winding of the river. Morning brings light in more than the ordinary sense. Hurrying to get ready for breakfast, she thought scornfully, How could I be such an idiot? I wouldn't give up my job for any man on earth. I've got it, I'll hang on to it!

She turned embarrassed mental eyes from the spectacle of herself last night. Loneliness, that was all; propinquity. A hundred and one trivial things merging to appear as an alarming whole. If she didn't succeed in arguing herself out of having fallen in love with young Dr. Martin, she could at least try to believe that it wasn't serious, that it would pass. And if this be love, this memory of torment, this self-scorn and—yes . . . irritation at herself, she wanted none of it!

Judith had never before been in love. She had liked one or two men very much indeed, and during her first uprooted months in Chicago she had felt a strong pull of attraction toward one of the cheerful penniless young men she had met at Aunt Emily's. But she had never deluded herself that the interest she'd felt in him was serious. Perhaps she could talk herself out of this one, too, she thought, as time went on . . . time, they say, cures everything. But she wasn't certain.

How do you know the real thing? she inquired, looking at herself in the mirror. How does any one know? Certainly she hadn't experienced any of the fictional requirements. Her knees hadn't turned to water, her hands hadn't grown cold and her cheeks hot, when Bill walked by or stopped to speak to her. She had felt, well, merely stimulated, keyed up—and, in a strange way, familiar with her own emotions, as if she had experienced all this before or had been expecting it.

And then, she thought ashamed, all this soul searching! All this *if* business. If he loved me . . . if we were married! How utterly absurd. He hadn't a thought for her. If he thought about any one it was probably Betty Corbin, and Judith wasn't even sure of that. It was a good thing he couldn't read minds. How horrified and embarrassed he would have been!

Well, it would pass. Other women had fallen in love and recovered, not once but several times. Meantime it was June, she had a job, conventions were coming in . . . and she must hurry to breakfast, find out how Betty was, and then get to work.

She had not slept much, save toward morning, and her eyes were startlingly shadowed against her pallor. She touched her cheekbones lightly with rouge, used her lipstick to advantage, selected one of her simple beautifully cut cotton frocks, and went to breakfast. After coffee, orange juice, and dry toast, which was all she could manage, she made her way to Corbin's office.

"How's Betty?" she wanted to know, coming in.

He told her that he and Bill had taken her right over to the hospital last night for an X-ray of her ankle, and then the fracture had been reduced. She was in a cast and must remain in the hospital for a little while. It wasn't a bad break at all; in fact, Bill had told her that she would probably have less trouble with it eventually than if she had torn the ligaments. She would be home in a few days, but she wouldn't be able to return to school for graduation.

"She'll be lonely," said Judith. "Perhaps I can sneak off and go see her sometime today."

Corbin was going right after lunch, he said; if Judith were free he'd be glad to take her.

From then on Judith's time was very full. The conventions came and went, and the summer guests arrived, bag and baggage, young and old, male and female, thin and fat, pleasant and unpleasant. Judith was more than busy. For the week that Betty remained in the hospital she managed to run over every day, either with the child's father or with Bill Martin. Then Betty came home, still in the cast. But her good little bones knitted rapidly, and while for some time she was barred from active sports, she was soon herself again.

Bert Wallace arrived, on the dot, in his plane, for long week-ends. On the first week-end following their brief encounter in his rooms his behavior toward Judith was practically exemplary. He regarded her, she thought with a flicker of amusement, with suspicion. But after that week-end his vigilance relaxed.

Hers was heightened. The summer visitors brought their problems. There were the usual parties of women and children, young, half-grown, or grown, who milled about aimlessly seeking amusement during the week, and then straightened up and were gay and dashing when Fridays came and the husbands arrived. There were visiting young men from Friday to Sunday, and the girls bloomed like flowers. There were sudden friendships, more sudden enmities, and an entirely different atmosphere during the major part of the week. Then there were married couples who came for the season or for vacations. Judith soon learned to distinguish the week-end or all-summer male who was very pleasant to her when his wife wasn't around and not as pleasant when she was, from the reckless gentleman who had an eye for a pretty girl at any time of day, wife notwithstanding. These were the cases which called for tact and plenty of it.

"How about sneaking off and having a little drink with me?" was one approach, the gentleman in question usually very gay in sport togs, his hair thinning and his waistline thickening. He didn't have to add that his wife was playing golf or bridge.

Judith found that she could always offer an excuse, and one which was legitimate. She had to work. She had to chaperon a picnic. She had to go into the village for old Mrs. So-and-So. And she usually ended by smiling cordially and confessing that she didn't drink during the day—"It makes me sleepy!"—but that some evening perhaps, before dinner, she would be glad to join him and Mrs. This-and-That in a cocktail. There was nothing at which the importunate gentleman could take offense, but he was put very nicely in his place.

Bill, stopping at her desk just after one such encounter, congratulated her, grinning. "You are," he said, "marvelous. Why don't you write a book—a sort of hotel-hostess Emily Post?"

"You get going," she retorted. "I haven't time for idle flattery."

Bill's attitude toward her was one of amused, admiring friendliness. Half a loaf was better than no bread. If she didn't see him too much, if she kept

She spoke softly and enticingly to the animal, whose whiskers quivered slightly as the fish head began to make itself known.

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busy and occupied, loving him couldn't hurt her. Well—if it hurt her, it wouldn't hurt any one else.

Toward the end of June, Corbin called her into his office, and she went with some trepidation. Wherein had she failed, now that the real test had come . . . now that she was asked to manage and handle so many people?

"I'm worried about Betty," he said abruptly.

"But her ankle's fine—"

"I don't mean that. She's all right physically. But that orchestra leader . . ."

"Oh, Saks!" Judith laughed. "He's an awfully nice boy," she said, and didn't stop to remember that he was, if anything, older than herself.

"No doubt. But she's getting herself talked about. I didn't think anything of it when she couldn't dance and used to sit up there on the platform and amuse herself . . . but—"

"Oh," said Judith, "you know the rocking-chair brigade! They'll talk about any one and anything. . . . I wouldn't worry if I were you. Saks is all right, if a little on the temperamental side. And Betty's just young. I'll keep an eye on her if I can do it without her knowing." She drew a deep breath. "I was terrified when I knocked," she admitted. "I thought perhaps you weren't satisfied with the way I was working out."

"Nonsense—you're doing a great job! And perhaps I'm overanxious about the child. But—well, she doesn't confide in me, and I thought she might have talked to you."

LEAVING him, Judith was thoughtful. Betty's youthful exuberance and confidences no longer existed, as far as Judith was concerned. She hadn't realized it until now; it had been unimportant, and there was so much else to concern her. But, thinking back, she remembered that, while the youngster remained perfectly friendly toward her, she had changed since shortly after her return from the hospital. Why? Had she, then, something to conceal?

On the week-end before the Fourth, Bert Wallace arrived for his long vacation. He brought three men with him in the plane, and two more came by train to join his party over the holiday. "God's gift to women," said Bill Martin to Judith as they stood together on the lookout over the water and watched Bert and his guests disporting themselves—for the swimming season was in full swing. "He's gladdened the hearts of a dozen pretty girls, not to mention the married women, by bringing his entourage along."

"You don't like him much, do you?" asked Judith.

"I've no special reason to," said Bill shortly; "but I'm under a very heavy obligation to his father. Golly, who's that?" he demanded, staring.

A rather tall, elegantly silm brunette was walking down the steps leading to the bathhouses and piers. She wore a brief sun suit and her skin was the golden brown of perfectly fried pancakes. She wore a scarlet silk handkerchief far back on black curls and tied under her chin. She waved at Judith and smiled, and even at that distance Bill could see that her eyes were enormous, her mouth very red, and her teeth very good.

"Ain't dat sumpin'," he murmured. "I hope she gets some minor ailment very soon."

"New arrival," explained Judith, suppressing a desire to smack him. "Her name is Miss Candace Howland. She's registered from Washington, D. C. She has a suite on the fourth floor, and is to be here until after Labor Day."

"Alone?"

"Well, she came alone," said Judith, laughing, "but the indications are that she'll have plenty of companionship."

SHE couldn't quite place Miss Howland, herself. Looks, supreme; clothes, judging from the traveling suit of dark silk and the little hat, all right. One couldn't judge from sun suits. Manner, perfect—almost too perfect. Inflection, well bred—almost too well bred. Jewels, so far not many, but those Judith had seen, impeccable. Age, anything from twenty-five to thirty-two. Skin, marvelous. She had brought a personal maid, a Pekinese dog, and plenty of luggage.

"I've got to get back to the hotel," said Judith reluctantly. "I've promised to chaperon a party of teen age on a picnic."

"Think I'll go down and take a look at the swimmers," said Bill carelessly.

"She should be a knockout in a bathing suit," said Judith coldly.

He grinned at her. "Jealous little thing, aren't you?" he inquired. "Don't forget we have a date for Monday . . ." And he was off, running down the steps.

On her way to the hotel Judith passed an old-fashioned pergola overgrown with vines, from which Betty Corbin's voice reached her quite clearly.

"Of course I like you," she was saying, with a hint of exasperation, "but—"

"It's Martin," said her companion, and Judith recognized Saks Lewis' voice. "You make an idiot of yourself over him. Every one knows that. And every one knows that Judith Gillmore—"

Judith, scarlet to her small ears, fled. Her heart thumped in her breast. Every one knew *what?* That Judith Gillmore was making a fool of herself over him too?

She was at her desk when Betty came into the lounge, flipped a hand at her, and would have passed her by; but Judith called her.

"Look," said Judith coaxingly, "won't you come on the picnic today? It's going to be fun—several carloads. We're going to the falls," she added with some reluctance. It hurt her to plan for parties at the falls. "And I'm rounding up every one who's young and lively."

"I'll go," said Betty, "if Saks can come too. He can bring his accordion and we'll all sing. I'm bored stiff with the crowd around here, but Saks is pretty exciting."

"There's no reason why he shouldn't come," said Judith evenly. "There'll be other boys along. What about the band . . .?"

"Most of 'em went into Valleytown this morning," said Betty. "They all get fed up hanging round waiting to play. I can't blame them. This is the dullest summer I ever spent," she added petulantly.

"It's hardly begun," Judith reminded her.

"Well, it can't be over too soon for me," said Betty.

Judith said gently, "I like Saks a lot; he's all right. But your father is a little bothered about him and—"

"I wish dad would mind his own business!" said Betty furiously. "And you too, Judy. I'm not a child. I'm eighteen, and I can manage my own affairs, thank you, and I should think you'd have enough of your own to worry about without barging in on mine . . ."

Her voice broke and she was very close to tears. She turned and ran off, almost colliding with Bert Wallace on his way to the desk.

"What's wrong with the infant?" he demanded, smiling.

"Nothing," said Judith shortly. "I thought you were in swimming."

"I was, but I came out some few minutes ago. Judy, when are you going to let me take you for a hop?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Sometime when I'm not busy."

"You're always busy, aren't you?" he said, staring down at her. His eyes were the lightest blue she had ever seen. "But you have days off. Mondays, aren't they? How about spending next Monday with me? We'll drive out somewhere, have lunch. Go up for a hop in the afternoon and do something amusing in the evening."

She had pledged herself to Bill, Monday. But now, remembering Saks Lewis' careless words, she said, "All right, Bert. But how about making it a party? I mean . . ."

"We'll see about that," he said. "By the way, that's a very good-looking gal who just made her appearance on the dock. Scarlet bathing suit. I've asked her to come up for cocktails tonight . . . along with half a dozen others. You too, of course. Sevenish."

He disappeared in the direction of the elevator, and Judith stared after him. Why had she committed herself to going out with him on Monday? But she knew why. Still, she wished that she hadn't. But perhaps by Monday, she reflected hopefully, he would have changed his plans.

On Monday morning she stopped in at Bill's office. When she walked in, Bill was barking at some one over the phone. "Well, see that it's done!" he was shouting. "When I leave an order, I mean it to be carried out."

He hung up and glared at her.

"The stupidity of people!" he announced. "I could fry 'em in oil. That poor kid—all because an ignorant mother . . ." He broke off, ran his hand through his dark hair, and grinned at her. "Sorry," he said contritely. "Look here, Judith, I may be late for our lunch date."

She said calmly, "That's what I came about. I'm sorry, Bill. I forgot that I'd promised Bert Wallace . . ."

"O. K. by me," he said before she had finished. "Far be it from me to stand in your way . . . the season's short and you've got to work fast."

She said furiously, "I don't know what you're talking about!"

"If you don't, you're a lot dumber than I think you are. Lunch at the Daisy Diner or sandwiches for two along some country road and waiting in the old bus while I make my calls must have palled on you long ago. Wallace has a fast car and a fat purse." He rose and slammed his roll-top desk shut. "No hard feelings," he said, not looking at her. "Any time you haven't anything better to do, just call on me . . ."

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He picked up his bag, brushed past her and out of the door, and left her standing there between anger and astonishment. She compressed her lips and went slowly from the office, shutting the door behind her. If that was what he thought of her . . .

Bert had not asked any one else. He was waiting for her, and his low-slung car was as polished as a jewel. Candace Howland, walking down the steps, smiled at them. "Have a nice time, you two," she said cordially. And as the car drove away Judith looked at Wallace.

"You might have asked her," she said.

"I may mix my drinks but never my dates," he said firmly. "She and I are going fishing tomorrow."

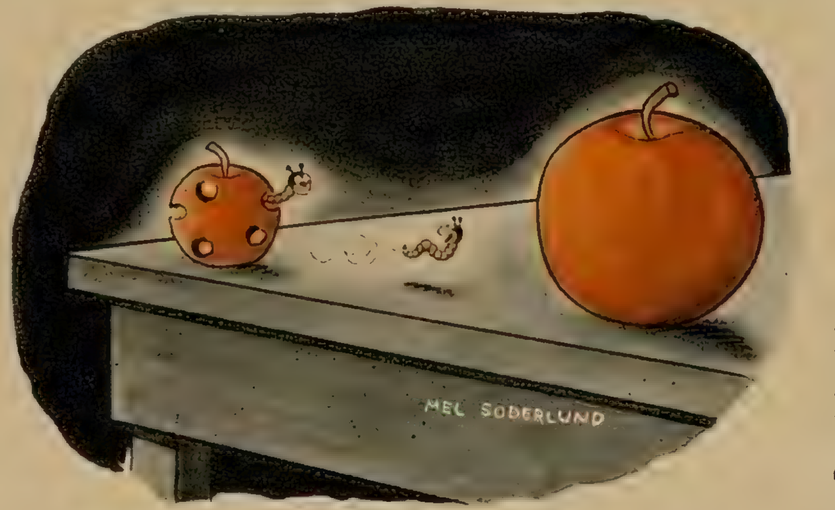
"You're a fast worker," said Judith, laughing, leaning back, luxuriating in her freedom from the hotel, in the soft rush of air, in the glorious July sunlight, and in a moment almost forgetting her companion.

In the village, passing Miss Hetty Martin's house, they were halted by a shout. The old woman was leaning over the fence. "Hey, you!" she called without ceremony.

"Stop, do," said Judith, amazed, and the car slid to a stop with a great screeching of brakes.

Miss Hetty came to the point without ceremony. "He's tall," she said, pointing to Bert, "and my cat's up the elm, drat him! I hauled out the ladder, but I got dizzy."

Wallace raised his eyebrows, but Judith was climbing out of the car. "Come on, Bert," she called. "Remember—one good deed a day!"



"C'mon. Let's do the big apple!"

With Judith, he followed Miss Hetty's short quick steps to the tree against which the ladder leaned crazily. Above the top step, stretched along a branch, a mammoth tortoise-shell cat regarded the proceedings with indifference.

Wallace, resigned, took off his coat and climbed the ladder. Judith held it, looking up. The sunlight, scattered in green and gold through the leaves, fell upon her hair. And the old woman, standing by, her hands folded under her apron, asked abruptly:

"Ain't I seen you before?"

"Of course, Miss Hetty," Judith answered. "I'm Judith Gillmore. I used to come here, summers. . . . And one day your cat got into trouble with a stray dog and—"

"I thought so," said Miss Hetty with satisfaction. "I knew it. Only person who ever bothered to raise a hand. . . . I've seen you going by with—with—"

"With your nephew," supplied Judith, calmly watching Bert's efforts to coax the cat within reach.

"No nephew of mine," denied the old woman sharply. "Takes after his mother. Rattlebrained . . ."

"Look out!" cried Judith. "You'll never get him that way!"

"I can't reach him," shouted Bert, exasperated. "And I can't get out on that limb. Too far above the ladder."

"Then come down," ordered Judith, ignoring Miss Hetty's clamor, "and I'll go up."

He came gladly, but ordering that she do no such thing. "Want to break your neck?" he asked.

"I won't," she told him. "And you can't get anywhere with a cat by shouting at it." She turned to Miss Hetty, who looked more like a witch than ever, her face like a brown crab apple and her gray hair in wild disorder. "Have you any sardines?" she inquired.

"What would I be doing with them?" demanded Miss Hetty crossly. "Think I'm made of money?" Then she relented. "I've got an old fish head," she admitted. "Saved it for the cat."

Bert made a face, and Judith shuddered but stood her ground. "Then let me have it," she said firmly.

Miss Hetty darted around to her back door, and Bert, leaning against the tree, said, "You mean to tell me you're going to climb up there—"

"With a fish head," said Judith firmly; "I certainly am. And without shouting. No self-respecting cat would come with some one bellowing, 'Here, kitty!' in a basso profundo in its ear!"

Miss Hetty returned. She had the fish head on a cracked china plate, and, despite its pungent aroma, Judith seized it. "Mind you hold the ladder," she warned.

Bert, reluctant and disapproving, held it while Judith climbed. Reaching the top, she spoke softly and enticingly to the animal, whose whiskers quivered slightly as the fish head began to make itself known.

Still talking, Judith retreated back down the ladder, very slowly; but before she had reached the third step pussy was on the first, and so, majestically stalking her and the fish head, reached the ground in safety.

Judith presented the cat with the reward and scratched its head. Then she smiled at Miss Hetty. "May I wash my hands in your kitchen?" she asked.

The kitchen, unlike Miss Hetty herself, was spotlessly clean. Miss Hetty's dining table was covered with a red-checked cloth. There was a potted geranium on the windowsill. Copper, brass, and aluminum were scoured. The sink was shining.

Judith washed the fish head from her fingers and dried her hands on a paper towel. Miss Hetty, standing near, watched her. She said grudgingly, "You're a nice girl. Like cats, do you?"

"I love 'em," said Judith sincerely.

"Working up at the hotel now, ain't you?"

Miss Hetty, it appeared, was not above making inquiries. Judith nodded. "I am, and I like it very much."

"Who's he?" inquired Miss Hetty, with a jerk of her head in the general direction of her front yard.

"Oh," said Judith, "you know Bert Wallace, Miss Hetty. He grew up around here, summers."

"Oh, him! Nasty thieving boy, he was," remarked Miss Hetty. "Probably no better since he grew up. Thought you were keeping company with—with Bill Martin."

Judith flushed. "Young doctors just starting out can't afford to keep company," she said gaily.

"Why not?" demanded Miss Hetty sharply. "You ain't the kind of a girl who's afraid of hard work, no matter how much you had once, are you? No, I thought not. Boy's a bigger fool than I took him for. Don't you say you saw me, or that I spoke about him," she ordered, as Judith went toward the door. "Wouldn't have him think I'm interested. I ain't. Stop by again whenever you've a mind to. Like gingerbread cookies?"

Judith nodded and, to her amazement, found one in her hand, the big soft kind. She bit into it and smiled at the odd little woman. "It's marvelous," she said.

"They're good," admitted Miss Hetty. She walked through the yard with Judith, looked with disapproval at Bert, who was leaning against the picket fence, and said, "Much obliged about the cat."

"It was nothing," Judith assured her, and went out to the car. Bert followed, grumbling.

"Of all the nonsensical—"

"She hasn't anything to care for except the cat," said Judith. "I'm glad we happened by . . ."

"Who in the world is she?"

"Surely you remember her, Bert? Miss Hetty Martin? She used to keep the sweetshop."

"Good heavens, I should say I do. We raided her once, a bunch of us kids. My father paid up afterwards, very liberally. But she never forgave us. Say, isn't she some relation to our hotel doctor?"

"His aunt. But she won't admit it," said Judith.

"You and he are pretty good friends, aren't you?"

"Of course."

"Why of course?" asked Bert, negligently heading the car away from Hillhigh. "Surely you're not considering him as one of your—eligible men?"

"I refuse to answer," said Judith lightly, "on the grounds that it might incriminate and degrade me."

"Know all the answers, don't you?" inquired Bert.

"Oh, stop talking," said Judith, "and let me enjoy the drive. Where are we going, by the way?"

"To Little Lake. They built an inn there last year. Nice little place, fair food . . ."

Little Lake was high in the mountains, round as a dollar, blue as the sky, fringed with tall pines. The inn was small, comfortable. It was not very crowded that day, and they lunched on the screened porch looking out on the water. The food was simple and good, and Judith shook her head when Bert suggested a drink.

"Not in the middle of the day," she told him, "and if you're going to take me up in your plane you'd better confine yourself to one snifter, my good man."

"O. K., darling," he said carelessly. "Just as you say. Like flying? Ever been up?"

"I love it. I've been up lots, but not recently."

"Like to learn? I'll teach you."

"No, thanks," she said. "A crack-up wouldn't help me with my job any."

"You take no risks with me, my girl," he said complacently; and then, leaning a little closer—"That is to say, not in a plane."

His boast was not idle. He was an excellent pilot, sure, steady, and controlled. They drove back to the hotel field, and his ship was tuned up and waiting for him. He looked her over himself before they took off.

It was a luxurious cabin plane, four-passenger. Judith leaned back in the comfortable chair and watched the world unroll below her. If you could only get out of yourself, she thought, in your daily life, and see yourself and your little world from such a perspective . . .

She was sorry when Bert brought them down to earth again. But he assured her it was time; their dinner date was some thirty miles away . . . and if she wanted to dress . . .?

She did, she told him, much as she hated the flight to end. But he promised her there would be others. . . .

BACK at the hotel, she went to her room, indulged in a long and luxurious bath, and put on a frock of starched white cotton lace. With it she wore her great-grandmother's necklace of carved rosy coral and the coral button earrings. When she was ready she swept herself a curtsy in the long mirror. "You look, if I may say it, very attractive, Miss Gillmore," she murmured.

If only it weren't Bert—

She caught up a little taffeta cape and her evening bag and went out into the corridor. She was to meet Bert in the lounge. On her way there she encountered Bill, looking unshaven and haggard. He carried the inevitable bag and walked slowly, as if he were dead tired.

"Dressed to kill," he commented, stopping.

"What an expression!"

"I meant it. Diana before the hunt." He laughed shortly. "Had a nice day as far as you've gone?"

"Perfect." She was angry and he mustn't know it. "We spent the first part of it rescuing your aunt's cat from an elm. And then we had lunch at Little Lake. Then we went for an airplane ride."

"Lay off that stuff," he warned her. "That fool will kill himself some day. You don't have to be party to it and commit suicide too, do you?"

"He's an excellent flyer," she said coolly.

"And now what?"

"Dinner," said Judith sweetly, "and I hope you enjoy yours . . . good night."

"Good *night!*" said Bill.

She went on into the lounge. Several people stopped her. She had to explain that this was her day off. Candace Howland waved a lazy hand at her from over near the fireplace. And Betty dashing by, with Saks Lewis dogging her high heels, made round eyes of astonishment. And Bert was waiting for her.

He looked, she admitted to herself, very attractive in the trim mess jacket. And his slow eyes traveling over her from head to foot were assurance that she was easy to look at . . . more than assurance.

"Now where?" she demanded. "I haven't had a day like this since heaven knows when."

"Not my fault," he told her. "You might have given in before. I thought we'd drive out to the Blue Monkey. There's a floor show of sorts. You'll like it."

It was nearer forty miles out than thirty, and new territory to Judith. Evidently they were expected. Their table was the best and the orchestra leader sent over to ask what Mr. Wallace would like them to play. Dinner had been ordered by telephone and champagne cooled in a bucket. Judith drank two scant glasses and watched Bert finish the bottle. She said, "If you think you're going to drive back after all that wine . . ."

"Nonsense!" he said. "I'm perfectly sober."

And so he seemed. They danced between courses and lingered over their coffee, watching the floor show. The place was full of people who had driven over from the near-by summer resorts.

"Like to gamble?" asked Bert softly.

"On life?" she asked. "I don't know whether I like it or not, but I've had to."

"I don't mean on life," he said. "I mean with chips and a roulette wheel."

"Here?" she demanded incredulously.

"Upstairs, in a back room. It's run as a club. All very decorous and well conducted."

She shook her head. "It wouldn't be fun to be caught in a raid. And besides, I can't afford it," she said.

"It won't be raided. And I'll stake you."

"Indeed you won't. I wouldn't dream of it."

"Mind if I take a turn?"

THERE was no use arguing. She went with him presently up a staircase which appeared miraculously behind a panel in the manager's office, and found herself in a large quiet well filled room. People moved and spoke softly; the click of the ball was the only sharp sound. Judith stood, mildly interested, watching Bert win some two hundred dollars and then lose it and two hundred more with equal carelessness.

She touched his shoulder.

"It must be very late," she murmured.

He was playing his last stack of chips. When they'd vanished, he shook his head, said, "Foolish way to lose money, isn't it? But more fun than most ways," and rose. Presently they were downstairs again and out in the fresh cool air.

He said, standing by the car, "Seems a pity to go back tonight."

"What do you mean?" she asked him sharply.

"We could so easily have an accident," he suggested, "or run out of gas on a lonely road. The Blue Monkey has very charming little cottages, quite secluded back there in the woods. All the comforts of home, including wood-burning fireplaces if the mountain air—or the lady—grows chilly."

She said, "You're being pretty absurd."

"Why?" he demanded. "I can always get you home before dawn. And no one would give that a thought. Lots of eminently respectable people come home before dawn." He went around to the luggage compartment and opened it and produced a suitcase. "I always carry a toothbrush," he said calmly. "Ready for any emergency—that's me."

Judith stood perfectly still. She had enjoyed this day. She was young, and escape from routine, any routine, is welcome to youth. Bert had been—nice. He'd said and done nothing offensive up till now. Now he stepped to her side, put his arm around her, tilted her face up to his. "I think I've earned my kiss," he said.

She suffered it, too appalled to struggle. Then he released her. "Well," he said, "that's better, if not too good. How about it, Judith?"

Judy is in a tight spot. If she seeks help, she will antagonize Bert and direct toward herself a glare of publicity that will cost her her job. Can she reason with him? Threaten and frighten him? The coming installment brings exciting surprises. Read it next week.

A sudden adventure, a stunning surprise, a mystery unmasked—Now, swiftly, comes

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

BUT I can't believe—" said Gail. "Jasper never knew that."

"Of course he didn't; if he had, he'd have left his money to his son," said Madame Zora. "Nobody knows but me," she intoned, a priestess of Fate.

"How do you know?" Gail demanded. But she was almost ready, now, to believe anything this uncanny old woman told her.

"Something gave me a clue," said Madame Zora obscurely. "Enough of a clue to make it worth while spending the thousand dollars I earned at the party on a little investigation. There's no doubt about it. But nobody knows but me."

Gail felt curiously numb, almost disembodied.

"Oh. So I'm not the Hawes estate. The money isn't mine at all."

"Of course it's yours, you sap—unless he claims it. And if you and I can do business, he never will."

"If he's alive," said Gail, "it's his money, not mine. But I don't believe you! Why bring this story to me? If he doesn't know this and you do, he's the one for you to do business with."

"Naturally I thought of that first. But he's the next of kin. As soon as he knows who he is, he can tell me to go to pot with my evidence and never pay me a cent," said Madame Zora. "But you need me—and I'll be reasonable. A thousand in cash now, to cover my expenses; and a promissory note for a million—you'd never dare contest it in court—when you come into the money."

"But what you've discovered, other people can discover. Mr. Cramer tells me that lots of smart lawyers are looking for the next of kin. They could find whatever records you've found—"

"But they wouldn't find the next of kin, my dear, if you do business with me. Nobody would find him; nobody would ever know—"

"What do you mean?" Gail broke in sharply. "Get out of here!"

Madame Zora sprang up; her face was contorted with fury.

"You fool! I told you you'd work with your hands! You—" She was shrieking foul abuse.

The kitchen door opened and Rena came swiftly in.

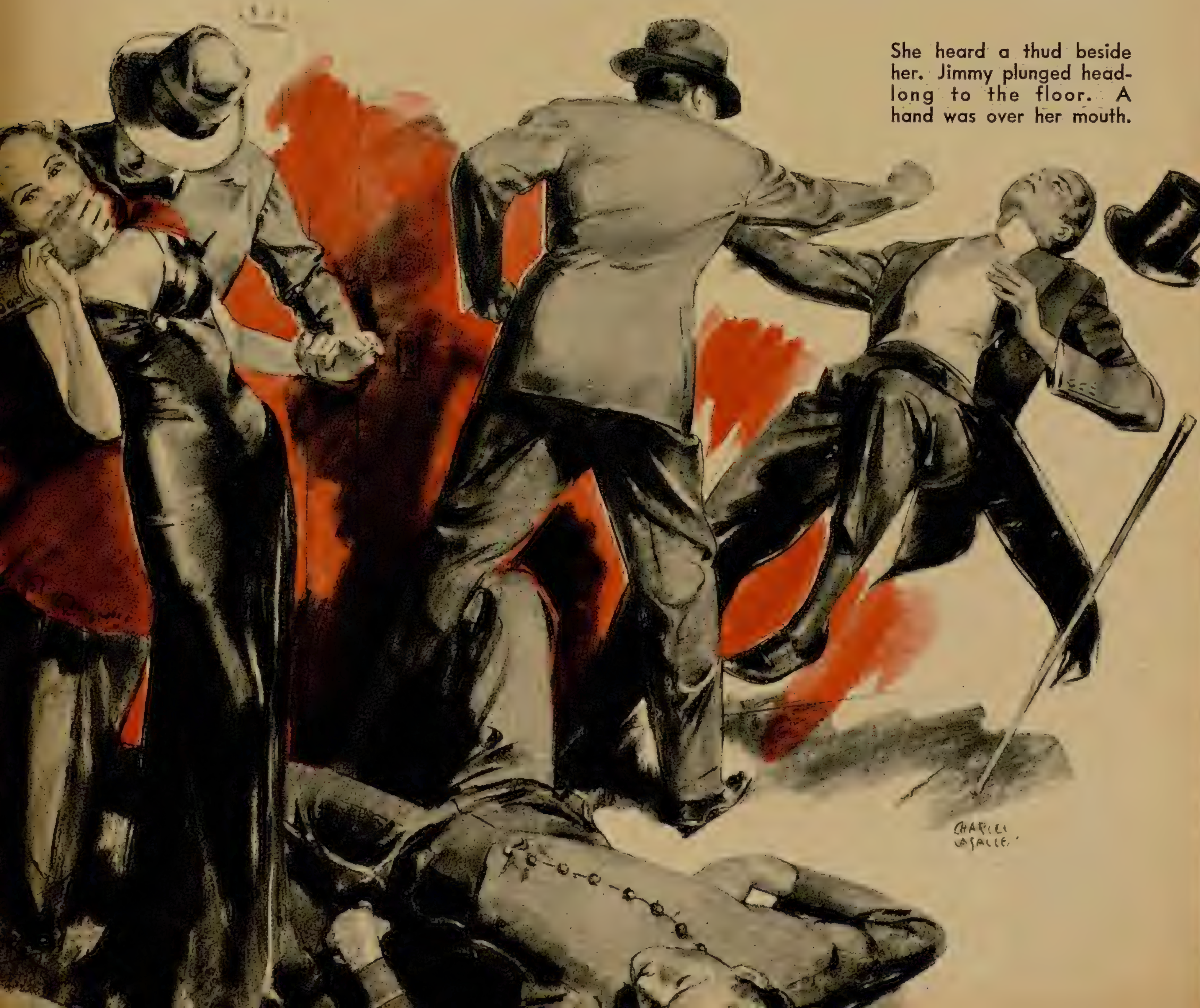
"Shall I call the police, Miss Perrin?"

"You dirty yaller!" Madame Zora's hand came out of her bag, but Rena's hand was on her wrist, twisting; the gun dropped, Rena snatched it up, broke it, took out the cartridges, handed it back.

"Shall I call the police?" she repeated.

"No," said Gail. "Let her go. I never want to see her again."

Madame Zora drew a deep breath, opened her mouth,



She heard a thud beside her. Jimmy plunged headlong to the floor. A hand was over her mouth.

his colorful novel's thrill-packed climax

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

looked at Rena, and changed her mind. She jerked the door open, slammed it behind her.

VERY handsome in tails and white tie, Jimmy was a proper escort for the woman everybody was looking at tonight. But he seemed a little subdued; he treated her as a clerk at Tiffany's might treat the biggest diamond in the store. In the taxi, on their way to the night club, she asked a little peevishly:

"Why do you act afraid of me tonight?"

"I'm just realizing you, Gail. Last week you were still just a girl I used to know who had happened to inherit a lot of money; but tonight, all at once, you've grown up to it. Tonight you're the Hawes estate."

Tonight. . . . She was tempted to tell him just how funny that was, but she ought to tell Cramer first. And Brewster. Only yesterday he had insisted that he wanted to marry her, not the estate; but next week—?

"But you said we'd have to get reacquainted," she reminded him, "on a new footing—an equal footing. Not weakening on that, are you?"

"I'm trying not to. But the way you look—"

"Thank you, my dear." She squeezed his hand. "Stay with it, Jimmy," she sighed. "It might be easier than you think." He sat up, excited.

"Gail! Does that mean that you—"

"Don't ask me what anything means tonight. Let's just have a good time."

He laughed reminiscently.

"We always used to have a good time at the Ipsithilla Club." He bent over swiftly, kissed her lightly before she had time to stop him.

They had the best table in the club, and walked to it through a barrage of flashlights. Around her were people she had been reading about in the papers for years—all looking at her, whispering about her. Champagne at the table—the best, too. Jimmy couldn't afford that, at Pete Polenta's prices, but she wasn't going to argue the point tonight. . . . Through the floor show she sat indifferently attentive, drinking a little, smoking ceaselessly to quiet her nerves. It was a relief when the show was over, the orchestra set to work, and they could dance. . . . The lights went out suddenly; for a moment the crowd danced on in dimness, then a spotlight blazed down, picking her out—

In the doorway, the head waiter cast an inhospitable glance at a big man with narrow eyes, a dead-pan face.

"Nothing doing tonight, Louie. Every table's gone."

"I know it. Just stopped in to take a gander at the mob; Pete won't mind that. Who's that in the spot?"

"Don't you know? That's the famous Gail Perrin."

"Who's she? Oh, yes," said Louie with a yawn. "I remember. She looked better in the tabloids."

He drifted out, across the street to a parked car. A touring car. It was curtained. Every now and then a few drops of rain came down.

"She come in a taxi," he reported to the two men inside. "And only this one guy with her. And just one hallboy on at night. It's easy."

DANCING on, Gail faltered suddenly, lost step. Jimmy stopped too.

"Your knee?" he asked in quick solicitude.

She started on.

"The knee's all right; somebody bumped me." She hoped he couldn't feel the mad pounding of her heart, didn't notice her staring past his shoulder in quest of that face she thought she had seen—

Yes. At a table against the wall, a young man alone—a sandy-haired young man with pale eyes in a hard face. She had never seen him in dinner clothes before; he wore them well. . . . Surely he'll come to our table when the music stops; ask me for a dance—

But he didn't. His eyes met hers, expressionless, turned away. She stood up suddenly.

SHE Woke Up SMILING

BY ELMER DAVIS

"Excuse me, Jimmy." Without pretense, she walked across the floor, straight to him. Without apology, she took a vacant chair from the next table and sat down beside Joe Marcum.

"I thought you were going to Texas," she said.

"I am, before long."

"Why haven't you asked me to dance, Joe?"

"I saw other men ask you and you turned them down, so I gathered it was a private party. Just you two?"

"That's all. But that doesn't mean a thing, Joe. He's only a friend from the old days before I worked for Jasper. I told you I wished I were coming here with you."

"But you did come with him. He might not like your coming over here."

"I don't care what he likes." The music was beginning. "Joe Marcum, look me in the eye and answer a question. Did you come here to see me?"

"You know I did, Gail. And for—other reasons, too."

"Forget your other reasons. Are you going to ask me to dance?" He said nothing. "Then I'm asking you to dance with me, Joe."

"And I'm saying no." But his hands were trembling. "You're not the kind of woman," he said, "who goes around raising Cain just for the fun of it. So why can't you let me alone?"

Her eyes were triumphant.

"Well, good-by, Joe," she said.

It was some satisfaction that he couldn't find his voice to tell her good-by. Coming back toward her table, she saw emotions chasing one another across Jimmy's face. Jealousy, suspicion, indignation.

"Who was that?" he asked. "I've seen the face somewhere."

"One of my old party crowd. . . . I can't dance any more, Jimmy. All those flashlights gave me a headache. Do you mind taking me home?"

HE did mind, of course, but he had to take her home. They rode in a dead silence. The taxi, rolling up Central Park West, turned sharply left to her apartment house. As it swung, she was vaguely aware of a dark

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curtained car turning just behind them. They got out, walked into the lobby without a word. The hallboy rose yawning from his desk, walked to the elevator in the corner. They followed. At the elevator she would have to say good-by to Jimmy; try to apologize.

The hallboy faced them in the elevator door. Suddenly his eyes flew wide open. Gail heard swift footsteps. Somebody leaped past her, struck the hallboy down. She heard a thud beside her. Jimmy plunged headlong to the floor. A hand was over her mouth, shutting off her scream; when it lifted, her mouth was sealed shut by a broad band of adhesive tape. A man had her by each elbow, hustling her out.

"Steady, sister," a voice was whispering.

At two in the morning they met nobody. She was hustled into a curtained car—shoved in, her captors following. A man with a cap on sat ready at the wheel.

"Step on it, Ernie," said the man beside her. "Out into the park. . . . You'll be good, won't you, sister?" Something hard poked into her side. "Be a good girl and nothing will happen to you. We certainly wouldn't want anything to happen to somebody who's worth a million to us." . . .

She slumped down in the seat in utter black despair.

"That's better," said the man beside her, putting his gun away in a shoulder holster. (I could never reach it there, she realized; the other one could slug me anyway, if I tried—or shoot me. I may wish he had, before long.) "Just be easy; nobody's goin' to hurt a million dollars."

Before them a green light turned red; the car stopped.

"That's right, Ernie," her neighbor chuckled. "We wouldn't want to get a ticket for passin' a light." He took out a cigarette, felt in his pockets, turned to the man beside him. "Say, gimme—aw, nuts, I forgot you don't smoke. Got a match, Ernie?"

The chauffeur felt in his side pocket—and whirled like lightning, thrusting a gun in their faces.

"Reach!" said Marcum.

AFTERWARD, recalling the impressions her senses had registered in what must have been a fraction of a second, Gail concluded that there is no such thing as time in moments like that. . . . Joe's voice. The man beside her reaching for his holster. Joe's gun flaming twice, bright in the darkness; two crashing reports sounding almost like one; a heavy body sagging against her knees; the door beside her open; Joe's arms lifting her out, holding her tight. . . . Her hands flew to her face, tearing at the tape that bound her mouth.

"Easy!" he warned her. "It'll hurt if you rip it off."

It did hurt, but she didn't care. She flung her arms around his neck, kissed him. And he— He had made her do all the talking, but when it came to action— There's no such thing as time in moments like that, either. She didn't know, didn't care how long they had stood there before he raised his head, looked around.

"But where did you come from?" she asked.

"When you left I left. I saw this car following you. I got into a taxi and had the driver drop me at the corner by your house. Their driver was keeping an eye on the sidewalk, but I reckon he never thought somebody might walk up behind him in the street. I yanked the door open and slugged him. He was about my build, so I took his cap and gun and waited, watching for my chance."

"But what did you do with him? And don't we have to find a policeman, tell him—"

"I hope not; you've had enough publicity. . . . I shoved the driver down on the floor. He probably won't come to till the cops find the car. Then let him explain two dead men on the back seat, shot with his gun. Nobody's prints on it but his, either—it's a cool evening, I was wearing gloves. . . . I told you I'd never kill anybody again, Gail, and meant it; but—I did give them a chance, but they went for their guns."

"Don't feel that you have to apologize," she said, laughing unsteadily. "If we can really walk off and leave everything, without publicity—"

They crossed the street, and as they came toward her apartment house she realized that they might get publicity even yet. Two men had been slugged here, perhaps killed. But one of them, at least, was on his feet again. As they came into the lobby Jimmy staggered out. The panic horror in his face changed, at sight of them, to a ludicrous outraged dignity.

"What do you mean by this?" he demanded of Marcum. "You make a date with Gail at the Ipsithilla; I'm taking her home, and you slug me—"

"You're wrong three times," said Marcum mildly. "We didn't make a date; somebody else slugged you—and I'm taking her home."

Bewilderment and rage struggled in Jimmy's face—but he stepped out of Marcum's way. In the elevator, the hallboy had just picked himself up.

"Miss Perrin!" he groaned. "What happened? Who hit me?"

"Some drunk barged in here," Marcum improvised. "But he's gone now. I'll run this car up to her floor if you think you can bring it back."

He ran it up, as smoothly as if he had been running elevators all his life. Gail's shaking fingers took out her key, unlocked the door. In the living room she switched on a lamp, dropped her wrap on a chair.

"And now, my dear!" she said softly.

HE thrust his hands in his pockets, paced restlessly about. Her eyes followed him—intent, solicitous. Now was the time. What they were going to say, and do, here and now would be the most important thing that would ever happen to her.

At last he stopped, stood looking at her bleakly. "There's still too much against us," he said.

She laughed. "The money? Is that what you're afraid of? Because if it is—"

"Not just the money. But Jasper Hawes' money—"

"Well?" she said. "You don't believe—and you're not afraid of what other people believe. Not you, Joe."

"No, I'm not. But you get his money, and I—" He paused. "This is going to hurt, Gail—hurt like fury. But I think you can take it, and you have a right to know it. I murdered Jasper Hawes."

Her eyes widened. "You didn't! He had a stroke—"

"That was my fault; something I said— And I'd wanted to hurt him, all my life—till I knew him," he added, as if in apology to himself. "After I knew him I liked him; but something I told him, without exactly meaning to, was such a shock that he went right out."

"Something you told him? What was it?" He didn't answer. "And why did you want to hurt him before you knew him?" she asked, bewildered.

"Better sit down, Gail. That's a story—why I haven't any right to touch the Hawes heiress." She was tempted to tell him that she wasn't the Hawes heiress—but that could wait. . . . This thing is festering in his conscience, she realized, and we've got to get it out. We. I'm thinking "we" for the first time in my life. . . . "I haven't any right to touch anybody!" he said frantically.

She ran to him, seized his arms.

"Joe! Stop it! Pull yourself together!" He tried to shake her off; she clung. "You may think you've no right to touch me," she said, "but I have a right to touch you. Because I love you. Now calm down. Sit down—and I'll sit down. Then tell me, without hysterics."

HE sat down, his self-control recovered; but he wouldn't meet her eyes.

"All right," he said. "What I told him was about my father. My father"—his voice failed for an instant; then he went on, as if reciting a lesson learned by heart, long ago—"my father and Hawes were partners once. Hawes cheated him out of all his money, drove him to suicide. My mother never got over it. I was raised to believe that Jasper Hawes was the scum of the earth—and I grew up meaning to get even with him. . . . But I know now," he added after a pause, "that that was only one side of the story. Mother had her grievances; but she was in the wrong, too."

He must have adored her, Gail perceived. He hates to admit that; he wouldn't admit it, except to—

"She was wrong too," he repeated. "She died when I was a kid, and the Marcums adopted me. What I didn't know till they told me, when I was twenty-one— She'd been married to Hawes, and had run away with my father. I suppose I'm—illegitimate; she used his name, but she hadn't had time for a divorce and remarriage before he shot himself. Maybe you think it's queer I kept on hating Hawes after that, but I had the habit. And it—it's just lately that I've understood how a man could feel if he lost his woman." He dared to look up at her at last. "What's the matter?" he cried.

She sat rigidly erect; she had turned cold all over.

"Your father?" she said. "Was his name Cantrill?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

She waited a moment, collecting her courage.

"Joe, you told me something that was hard to take; but what I've got to tell you will be harder. I've got to tell it and you've got to know it; but I wouldn't dare tell you myself—except that I love you. You've not only got to know it, you've got to hear it from me—because I love you and we've got to stand up to everything together. . . . Cantrill wasn't your father, Joe. Your father was Jasper Hawes."

"What? How do you know? Who told you?"

"He told me. He thought you'd been killed in that wreck too; but what he told me fits right into your story. You're his son, born before your mother ran off with Cantrill. The legitimate son of Jasper Hawes."

"So that woman was right!" he whispered. "I might have known—Madame Zora—the fortune teller. She came to me this morning with a story—"

Even in that excruciating moment Gail could appreci-

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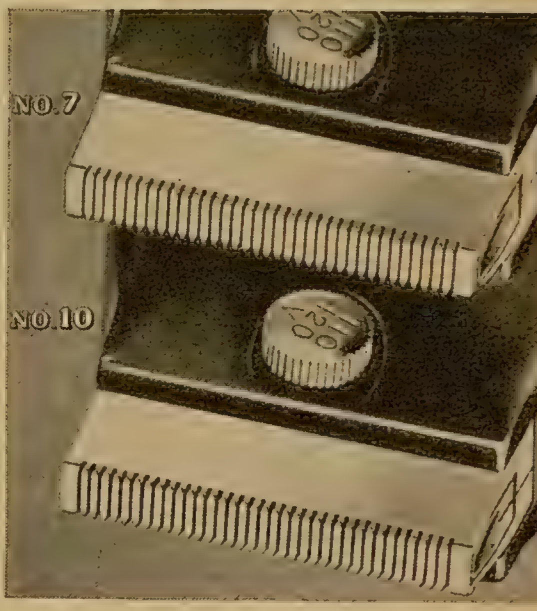

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SCHICK SHAVER

ate Madame Zora. . . . All that story about why she wouldn't go to him first! She'd been to him first, and when he turned her down she came to me.

"She said," he was going on, "that at the penthouse it had struck her that I looked like him; that was why she said that if faces meant anything I'd rise above them all. Nobody else ever noticed a resemblance, but she's studied anthropometry, whatever that is—so after the will was published she did some investigating, and she brought me the story this morning. I thought it was just a racket; I didn't want the money—especially when it belonged to you. I didn't believe her. Yet all the time I knew it was true. I've killed my father!"

In a swift movement she was on her knees beside him, her arms around him.

"You didn't, Joe! Any sudden shock—good or bad—might have killed him. If you told him you were Cantrill's son, he knew who you really were—the son he'd never seen, the son he'd believed was dead. He'd thought about you so much— He died of happiness, Joe. That was the shock. And I'd never tell you that just to make you feel better. I'll never lie to you. He died happy."

Her arms, tight about him, felt his tension relaxing.

"I'd like to believe— I—liked him. His being my father doesn't seem to make so much difference as that I liked him. I told him I liked him before he died; maybe that helped. It's all mixed up, Gail—what I really said that night and what I'd been dreaming of telling him, ever since I was a kid. But I wake up in the night, thinking about it—" He was shuddering violently.

"All right," she said. "Whenever you wake up in the night thinking about it hereafter, you just turn over and wake me up, and I'll get you out of it." His glance leaped at her; she met it, unwavering. "That's what we're talking about, my dear. You're treating me like your wife—telling me things you'd never tell anybody else; and I feel like your wife. However long we have to fight this, we'll fight it together."

He reached down and gathered her into his arms.

MR. CHARLES CRAMER, that Monday morning, sat thoughtfully at his desk, staring into blue clouds of smoke from his cigar, when his secretary came in and told him that Miss Perrin was here to see him. . . . And he had to see her. He would have preferred a little more time to think over what he had just learned, what he ought to do about it; but, since she was here—

"Ask her to come in," he said.

She came in, and Marcum with her; and the way they looked would have told its story to a less observant man than Charles Cramer. . . . Well, I'll be hanged, he thought. . . . But he greeted them with more cordiality than he felt. Then, when they were seated:

"We have some announcements to make, Mr. Cramer," said Gail cheerfully. "In the first place, your secretary made a mistake. It isn't Miss Perrin any more; it's Mrs. Marcum. We were married over in Jersey."

"Then I wish you all the happiness there is, Gail," he said gravely. "As for this young man who's married the Hawes estate—"

She flushed. "He married me! He wouldn't have to marry the Hawes estate; it belongs to him anyway. He's the son—the legitimate son—of Jasper Hawes."

She told the story—as much of it as bore on the inheritance—while Cramer listened, impassive. . . . Something this fellow and that fortune teller have cooked up between them, he was thinking.

"I see," he said at last. "Well, Mr.—Hawes, if that's your name—"

"The name is Marcum," said Marcum. "I've used it most of my life and I prefer to keep it. So does Gail."

Cramer smiled thinly.

"You may find that a handicap to your claim on the Hawes estate. I hope I don't seem skeptical, but it is my duty to look very carefully into any claim of kinship to the testator. So many of them—"

"Well, investigate," said Marcum, "and you'll find that this is true. So what I came down for— Gail and I are leaving town, and I thought you could draw up some paper for me to sign, releasing any claim I might have on the estate."

"Releasing your claim? To your wife, I presume?"

"Please, Mr. Cramer!" Gail intervened. "What Joe and I are trying to tell you is that neither of us wants it." He bit right through his cigar. "He releases his claim to me, and I— Well," she said, "I'd hate to see those cousins get it, but I won't take it. For—for private reasons—not what you think, either—neither Joe nor I wants the Hawes estate."

"You're both giving it up?" said Cramer. "Positively and forever?"

"Why shouldn't we," she said, "if we'd be happier without it?"

Cramer looked at her, looked at Marcum, and gradually his suspicion died away.

"Quite so," he said. "At your age, feeling as you feel— But we all grow older, we all run into troubles. Are you sure that ten years from now, or twenty, you won't be sorry?" They looked at each other gravely, then smiled. "Well, well!" he said a little huskily. "I envy you. And in case you ever might wish you'd played it the other way, I'll tell you something: At the moment, there is no Hawes estate."

"What?" they cried in unison. "But Jasper said—" Gail began.

"That he was worth fifty million? He was, the day he died. Estates are taxed on their value at the date of death—and he never took advantage of the various legitimate devices that might have reduced his tax bill. So the taxes come to something over thirty-two million; and, right now, that's more than the estate is worth."

"But—how could it shrink that much so soon?" Gail asked him.

"Jasper was operating heavily in the market—on the wrong side. It turned the day he died—but for a few days there, till the surrogate gave Brewster letters of administration, nobody had much authority to stop the orders Hawes had given. By the time Brewster took hold, the net estate, less debts, was less than the tax due."

"Nobody had authority?" said Marcum. Then, grinning, "Not that I want the money, but—that sounds queer to me."

Smart fellow, thought Cramer.

"The day before he died Jasper had taken personal charge, forbidden Brewster to interfere. Miss Beeding corroborates Brewster's recollection of that. If Brewster had been a bolder man—" Cramer sighed. "But, as Gail knows, Mr. Hawes once called him a rabbit."

"He's not a rabbit!" she said.

It was me he wanted, she realized, and not the money. But he managed it so that I wouldn't get the money unless I took him. I couldn't dance, I'd have no money, I'd have to come to him. . . .

Mr. Cramer, too, was well aware that Brewster was no rabbit; he was a lot of other things, including a potentially profitable client, but if the legatee had chosen to kick up a row about this— Not that she could have done anything; Brewster was covered everywhere. . . .

"At any rate," he said, "Brewster didn't take the responsibility till he was legally in charge. He's still in charge, of course—liquidating gradually to cover the taxes—and also, I hope, administrative costs and counsel's fees. Under his management the estate may appreciate in value; in the end, there might possibly be quite a little money. So if you two should change your minds later—"

They both shook their heads.

"Joe and I are going home to Texas," said Gail.

"Home?" said Cramer, smiling. "You've never been there, have you? . . . Mr. and Mrs. Marcum, you both have my very best wishes; but you don't need them. Nobody can give you any more than you've got now."

BUT we'll give each other more," said Gail when they were outside, waiting for the elevator. "More and more, all the time—"

"I hope so," said her husband. "Why are you smiling so, Gail?"

"Oh, that's a habit of mine," she said blithely. "Have you forgotten, darling, that this morning I woke up smiling?"

THE END

32 Ways to Make A MILLION DOLLARS

Common people, even as you and I, have joined the gadgeteers and ridden a gimmick to fortune.

by RAYMOND F. YATES

For these things the world is waiting—Fortune awaits you if you can supply them!

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THE maws of America's hungry machines must be fed with new gadgets. Inventors—casual, professional, and embryonic—wax rich supplying the public with little things that it needs or thinks it needs. Here is a contest with fabulous rewards that never ends.

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That happened years ago; but not so with Mrs. Anna J. Greenwich of Chicago, who had a jobless husband, four kids, and a place on relief. She invented a clever new hair curler, sold it for a handsome figure, paid back her relief money, and saved the family homestead.

And there is the remarkable case of Grandma Birdora White, also of Chicago. Grandma White, aged seventy, was no female Edison, but she rang the bell with a new and better overall buckle. Then the Santa Claus who sits year round in the Patent Office left $350,000 in her stocking.

A volume could be filled with just such stories about common people, even as you and I, who joined the gadgeteers and rode a gimmick to fortune. America spends $500,000,000 annually on articles selling for between a nickel and fifty cents.

A man once bored a quarter-inch hole in the pipe on a glass-blowing machine, and made $100,000. Clarence W. White, the inventor of the kiddy kar, rolled up a cool million on public endorsement of his simple idea.

Chief among the shortcomings of the average inventor is that he produces things for which only a purely imaginary need exists. So now for a little discussion of some actual needs on which you can try plain common sense. Get your thinking cap on. Ideas today, royalty checks tomorrow!

Cigarette manufacturers now bundle up their smokes in cellophane "snuggies" to keep the tobacco mellow. Have you ever watched the impatient *Americano* rip away at the reluctant skin of a "deck" of "weeds"? Can you help him out by making it possible to denude a package with one stroke? The catch here is that you mustn't add anything to the cost of production—but you can add a large figure to your bank account if you click.

Of all nations, America has the most beautiful and expensively encased female legs. We are a silk-stockinged people. If a ten-cent item were invented that would permit my lady to mend runs, ten million such things would flow through our chain stores in a year. Deduct a penny royalty from each, and reserve the royal suite on any luxurious transatlantic liner next year.

Women are much annoyed by mud-spattered heels and ankles on wet days. The spattering is caused by the slight "give" or spring in high heels at the moment weight is lifted from them in walking. What can you do about that?

Have you sensitive gums that bleed when you brush your teeth? What the toothbrush manufacturers pray for is a brush that will clean the teeth but only massage the gums.

Volatile oils used in shoe polish must be preserved by cans with tightly closed lids, and tightly closed lids break fingernails when they are opened. One manufacturer has an answer to the problem, but his competitors are looking about for a better answer. Big money lies buried under the lid. Who will claim it?

Did you ever try standing on your head to insert an electric plug in a floor-lamp outlet located in a dark corner back of a chair or divan? It's a cute little game of stabbing in the dark. Can't we have a plug and outlet that will be easy to shoot at? The inventor can write his own ticket for the right answer.

What wouldn't the mixer of drinks give for a cocktail shaker with a strainer that would not foul and clog?

For countless centuries men and women have been falling on icy ground and breaking bones. If you happened to be passing a shoe store some sleety day, and

Special!

PINAUD

Original

LILAC VEGETAL

in the New "MATIGNON" Presentation

49¢
Never before at this low price

Special Bottle! Special Value!

Now . . . enjoy the luxury of Lilac Vegetal by Pinaud at the price of ordinary after-shave lotions! Discover the stimulating skin cocktail effect of Pinaud's . . . feel how it awakens your skin; braces; sets you at your best for day or evening. Ask your dept. or drug store for this Lilac Vegetal special . . . *now. Supply is limited.*

PINAUD
PARIS

THEY ENJOY LIVING
Liberty is read by the eager millions, the people who do more, go more, want more. They're the Heart of Your Volume Market.

Try a Vegetable Laxative
See the difference

I TOOK ONE NR TABLET LAST NIGHT AND THIS MORNING I FEEL GRAND

WHETHER your constipation is chronic or occasional—one trial of Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) will show why millions prefer this ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative. One NR Tablet convinced me . . . so mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating.

Dependable relief for sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for one week, then if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it—NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright.

Nature's Remedy
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
NR TABLETS NR

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITERS

you saw a little spurlike device that could be instantly clipped under the arch of your shoe, and that sold for fifty cents, would you buy one? So would ten million other people!

The American housewife has made many an inventor fabulously rich. She would like a little device to peel hot boiled eggs quickly and efficiently. She would bless the inventor of a ten-cent article that would strip an ear of corn of its kernels in one third of the time it now takes. And for years she has been praying for a really windproof clothespin.

Mother has always been worried about her two-year-old kicking the covers off during a cold night. Where is the inventor who can prevent that without putting little Johnny in a strait jacket?

Modern woman prays for a really leakproof bathing cap. It cannot fit too tightly, for that would cut off circulation and cause headaches. The right answer would have a million-dollar price tag dangling from it.

The same might be said of a magazine powder puff. Milady has long lamented the film of talc that flutters and sifts down over things every time she powders her face. Surely somebody can devise just what she needs and ring the bell for a hundred thousand dollars.

Grandmas the world over raise potted plants. They will buy millions of flowerpots that will feed plants water from a small built-in reservoir as fast as they need it.

Strings of beads not only need better clasps but also some method of preventing the hard, abrasive edges of the beads from cutting through the string.

The adjustment that the oculist gives to eyeglasses does not often last more than a few days. In the name of fewer headaches and better sight, can't some fellow remedy that? We want glasses that either are self-adjusting or can be corrected mechanically without a trip to the doctor.

Chief among the really needed gadgets for which our automobile companies would pay big money is a tire valve that will register air pressure. Ask yourself: wouldn't you like to have such a valve on your car?

The modern heated car has its windows sealed with rubber gaskets. This is nice on a cold day but it makes the car doors hard to close so they will catch. Each time the door is closed it strikes a big cushion of air and tends to bound back. Some sort of automatic, self-actuating breather valve would meet the situation nicely—but where is it? The inventor should keep costs in mind.

We have yet to find the one and only really perfect bracelet that will prevent a wrist watch from shifting or turning on the wrist. No rubber pad will do here, and the bracelet cannot be pulled up too tightly.

The fastidious male wants a tie that won't slip its knot and a knot that will stay pulled up in the crotch of his collar. The feature should be built into the tie, or it may take the form of a little celluloid gadget that can be slipped up under the knot.

The garterless sock is here, but there is still room for improvement and a wider popularity. Such a sock must not be tight. The manufacturer who bids for the perfect answer won't be tight either.

Few are the drivers of cars on country roads who at some time or other have not been called upon to drive with one hand and fight off a bee with the other. We need some sort of screen for cars. It must be a very unusual screen that will automatically adjust itself to opening and closing windows. We now have screens on the cowl ventilators; why not elsewhere?

Of all toilet articles, the comb stands out as a base, dirty thing, because of the grease and dust that accumulate between the teeth. The inventor who can make of the lowly comb a "civilized" gadget will win for himself a terrific heap of dough.

Where is the pillbox that will disgorge only one pill at a time, or the bottle top that will release only one drop? Where is the typewriter with an eraser key, or the fountain pen with an adjustable point? For years garage mechanics have asked for wrenches that will not slip, and a device to relieve a crankcase of its worn-out oil without making a trip under the car. The carpenter has his hands out for a wood plane that will not get plugged with shavings, and a gadget that will put a true and fine edge on a chisel without a half-hour of honing.

ARE WE SELLING OUR AIR SUPREMACY?

Produced in America, the world's finest war planes, with the secrets they embody, are delivered to 88 foreign governments! In the world of today, does this policy make sense? Read
Lieut. Jack Lincke, U. S. N. R.
NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

Many people with truly creative ideas refrain from exercising their talents because they have been told that manufacturers will steal inventions from little fellows who cannot afford to defend themselves in court. Years ago a few "robber barons" sometimes did such things, but even then the cases were few and far between. The modern manufacturer never tries to beat the inventor. *But*—and it is a large but—he will not pay the inventor anything if a search of the Patent Office records shows that the inventor is standing on questionable ground.

Another thing that often stays the hand of the poor inventor is the fact that a patent may cost $300 for a simple case. While there is no substitute for a patent, manufacturers do buy unpatented inventions if the inventor will take the proper precautions to protect himself—precautions specified in our patent law.

THE END

Down on Sunnybrook Farm

The adorable Miss Temple gives it a new lease on life—and you'd never know the old place now

By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM

THE PLAYERS: Shirley Temple, Randolph Scott, Jack Haley, Gloria Stuart, Phyllis Brooks, Helen Westley, Slim Summerville, Bill Robinson, Alan Dinehart, J. Edward Bromberg, Dixie Dunbar, Paul Hurst, William Demarest, Ruth Gillette, Paul Harvey, Clarence Hummel Wilson, Sam Hayes, Gary Breckner, Carroll Nye, Franklin Pangborn, William Wagner, Eily Malyon, Mary McCarty, the Raymond Scott Quintet. Screen play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger, suggested by the story by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Directed by Allan Dwan. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 81 minutes.*

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX could have called this The History of the Russian Revolution as far as its having anything to do with the original Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm goes. Not that it matters, since the most adorable little face in movies adorns it. For little Miss Temple is starring again, and critical judgment is routed. You give your heart to her all over again.

In this opus, Movie Sweetheart Number One is the orphaned daughter of a stage-struck mama, being snatched up, rather than brought up, by a vaudevillian uncle. He is trying to get Shirley into the radio business, so she can properly support him, which responsibility she takes most seriously. When, accidentally, she fails in an audition, he packs her off to her Aunt Miranda in the country. Here Shirley is rediscovered by Randolph Scott, who, ever since the audition, has been hunting her for a national radio program. Beaming like a busy cherub, Shirley gets Randy and Gloria Stuart involved in one romance, patches up an old lovers' quarrel between Aunt Helen Westley and Slim Summerville, taps enchantingly with Bill Robinson, and, of course, wows the listeners when she hits the air waves.

VITAL STATISTICS: They've streamlined Rebecca and her farm life, inserted radio advertising problems, spinach songs, vulgar grammar, airplanes, permanent-waved curls, gum chewers—and vodvil dancing that authoress Kate Wiggin might have thought husseyish when she conceived the deathless little corny heroine. . . . Shirley Temple's shot up amazingly since last year; is now 9, still remains plump, almost fat. Studio is not worried about her future, thinks they'll bring her into full-grown woman stardom without losing a nickel on the way, she's that great an actress. Should Shirley succeed in crashing through, she will be one of the richest women in the world by the time she's 21, rivaling Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton. . . . Bojangles Robinson is nuts about Shirley, constantly boasts of their friendship. Bill just had a park named after him in his native Richmond, Virginia. . . . Silliest prop job in years took place in this: Propmen planted worms on the synthetic Sunnybrook farm erected in studio, so chickens could dig them up. . . . Cow used was Daisy of In Old Chicago. . . . Jack Haley celebrated signing a new contract by buying a former Beverly Hills bank for income property. May need it to keep his mounting earnings in. . . . Gloria Stuart Sheekman and Shirley Temple are both natives of Santa Monica and Chamber of Commerce always gives their pix five stars. In high school Gloria was champion high diver, swimmer, and tenniseer, doubles partnering with Midge Van Ryn, now a ranking tenner. Gave up athletics for acting, writing, gardening, painting, interior decorating, and matrimony. Husband Sheekman says she'd rather look at a Wedgwood dish than eat off it. She's the only Hollywood actress who can pick up worms and beetles without grimacing.

Gloria Stuart, Randolph Scott, and Shirley (Rebecca) Temple.

★ ★ ★ BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper, Edward Everett Horton, Herman Bing, David Niven, Warren Hymer, Elizabeth Patterson, Franklin Pangborn, Lawrence Grant. Screen play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, based on the play by Alfred Savoir. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 90 minutes.

WE believe the saddest day for Ernst Lubitsch's career was when some one first wrote of "the Lubitsch touch." For this essentially great director has been "touching" ever since, and in Bluebeard's Eighth Wife he practically sinks the entire picture under it.

There is, here, such an amusing idea for a comedy—that of an American millionaire, seven times married, who meets his match in the lady of his eighth choice—and two of the finest farce players on the screen, Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper, to star in it.

But having launched his skylarking, slightly naughty romance, Herr Lubitsch abandons his principal players and gives over all the footage to darting shots of apoplectic hotel employees, fussy salesmen, comedy detectives, and bewildered prizefighters.

Miss Colbert, wearing a series of most ravishing costumes, is very beautiful and alluring and, like the lanky Cooper, very funny whenever she gets the chance. Those two meet in a store in Nice where Gary is doing some shopping.

They fall in love and marry, only to have Claudette, upon finding out about Gary's amorous past, become a wife in name only, with a pretended list of indiscretions that drives Gary to a nervous breakdown before she relents.

The production itself is gay and lavish and tasteful. What keeps it from being really fine is its being

---

*Recommended for children.

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Are you suffering from an itching, burning, irritated skin? There's no need to. For 30 years Zemo has brought welcome relief to millions of sufferers. Because of its rare ingredients, Zemo usually cools, soothes and relieves the itching of Eczema, Simple Rashes, Pimples, Ringworm and similar annoying skin irritations promptly. Buy Zemo today—All druggists', 35c, 60c, $1.

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

NOW, GET REAL RESULTS WITH YOUR ELECTRIC RAZOR

Set-Up makes any electric razor shave close & clean. Rub on beard, let dry, then shave.

$1 MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

PINAUD PARIS SET-UP

frittered away in scenes that blanket the main story.

VITAL STATISTICS: Puckish, gnomish, cigar-fiend Ernst Lubitsch made his first pic 23 years ago. It was a 2-reeler, he's forgotten its name, what it was about. He'd been a Reinhardt actor. Bluebeard is his 67th pic since; it cost over a million. In his career thus far Lubitsch has spent about $50,000,000 in production money, earned about $5,000,000 in salary, bonuses, and cuts. His one and only flop was The Merry Widow, which cost about $2,000,000. His pix were all heavy history till he gave the screen the light satiric type of acting and story. . . . Edev Horton's just added a belfry with huge Liberty Bell to his Encino farm barntop to sound the hours; has taken to collecting trees of all nations, has already planted 400 different varieties around. . . . Claudette Colbert makes $150,000 a pic, will give away $100's worth of clothes without batting an eye, hates to discard a pair of shoes. Finished building a swank Holmby Hills house in December, 1935; finished getting it the way she likes it last month. Born a Chauchoin in Paris, she's practically forgotten all her French. . . . Gary Cooper, who just skipped over to Sam Goldwyn's for more money, had to be borrowed by his former studio @ $250,000 for this part. Cooper paid about $400,000 income tax last year, but still rolls his own, and one-handed too, a hangover of his hoss-opera days. He's never ever used make-up, only thing he carries is a pocket comb; he is considered the most economical actor in the world, settling all his emotions with a shrug. As usual, he was uncomfortable in tails; dashed off evenings to the Venice shooting galleries to relax. Bought himself a 3,500-acre ranch somewhere in Arizona, refusing to tell whereabout, except it's near the Grand Canyon—where he can go to spit when he feels like it. . . . David Niven is playing the field now that Merle Oberon's lounging abroad.

★ ★ ★ CONDEMNED WOMEN

THE PLAYERS: Sally Eilers, Louis Hayward, Anne Shirley, Esther Dale, Lee Patrick, Leona Roberts, George Irving, Richard Bond, Netta Packer, Rita LaRoy, Helen Gibson. Story and screen play by Lionel Houser. Directed by Lew Landers. Running time, 77 minutes.

IN the language of Hollywood, here is a "surprise click," meaning an unimportant picture which by virtue of its story and its acting is destined to be a box-office hit. Coming in the midst of the present cycle of women-in-prison movies (and whatever started such a cycle is a mystery), it is so dramatically written, so truly and touchingly acted, that it outranks in entertainment many a picture that is twice as pretentious.

Sally Eilers, a shoplifter en route to prison, tries to drown herself by leaping from a boat into San Francisco Bay. Louis Hayward, a psychiatrist en route to the prison to study the inmates, stops her. Once inside the institution, he determines to save the girl. Sally, however, has been put in the same cell with Anne Shirley, an innocent girl taking the rap for her sweetheart, and Lee Patrick, a hardened offender. Lee constantly frames Sally into apparent wrongdoing when in reality Sally, touched by Louis' love, is trying to go straight. The high point of the action comes in the prison break with its tear-producing results.

The entire cast is completely satisfactory, with Miss Eilers, Mr. Hayward, and Miss Shirley being outstandingly laudable.

VITAL STATISTICS: Twenty-three years ago Helen Gibson was known as Helen Holmes, the Leaping Serial Queen, Daughter of Daring, etc. She succeeded Pearl White in serial popularity. Today Mme. Gibson, hard hit by time and fortune, earns her living as a stunt woman or double. Collected a colorful abrasion and $50 for tumbling twice down some hard steel prison steps when Lee Patrick shot her dead in the jail-break scene herein. Helen was the first wife of Hoot Gibson, who was also married at a later date to this pic's star Sally Eilers. . . . Anne Shirley recently became the happy Mrs. John Howard Payne. He's a young film actor, and Anne, who used to be Dawn O'Day, will give up going to school, jettison her whole intellectual (college) life, go in for love, kisses, Lunt-Fontanne parts. . . . There're 85 women prisoners in the cast, mostly glorified, few without the latest styled permanents, reddened fingernails, mascara. . . . George Irving has been screened for 23 years, has played 600 parts, can't even remember the last one back. . . . South Africa's black-haired stern-eyed Louis Hayward has a French education, an acting name along Piccadilly and Fraudway. He's of the emotional male actor type, has been compared with Robert Taylor—as what actor hasn't?—is building a one-room shack far in the Malibu Mts. as a hideaway, will tell no one of its location. . . . Pipe the Kind-Huntsman Hat, out of So What and the Seven Dwarfs, on Sally Eilers, head. It's going to sweep women off their nuts.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mad About Music, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door.

★★★—Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 23

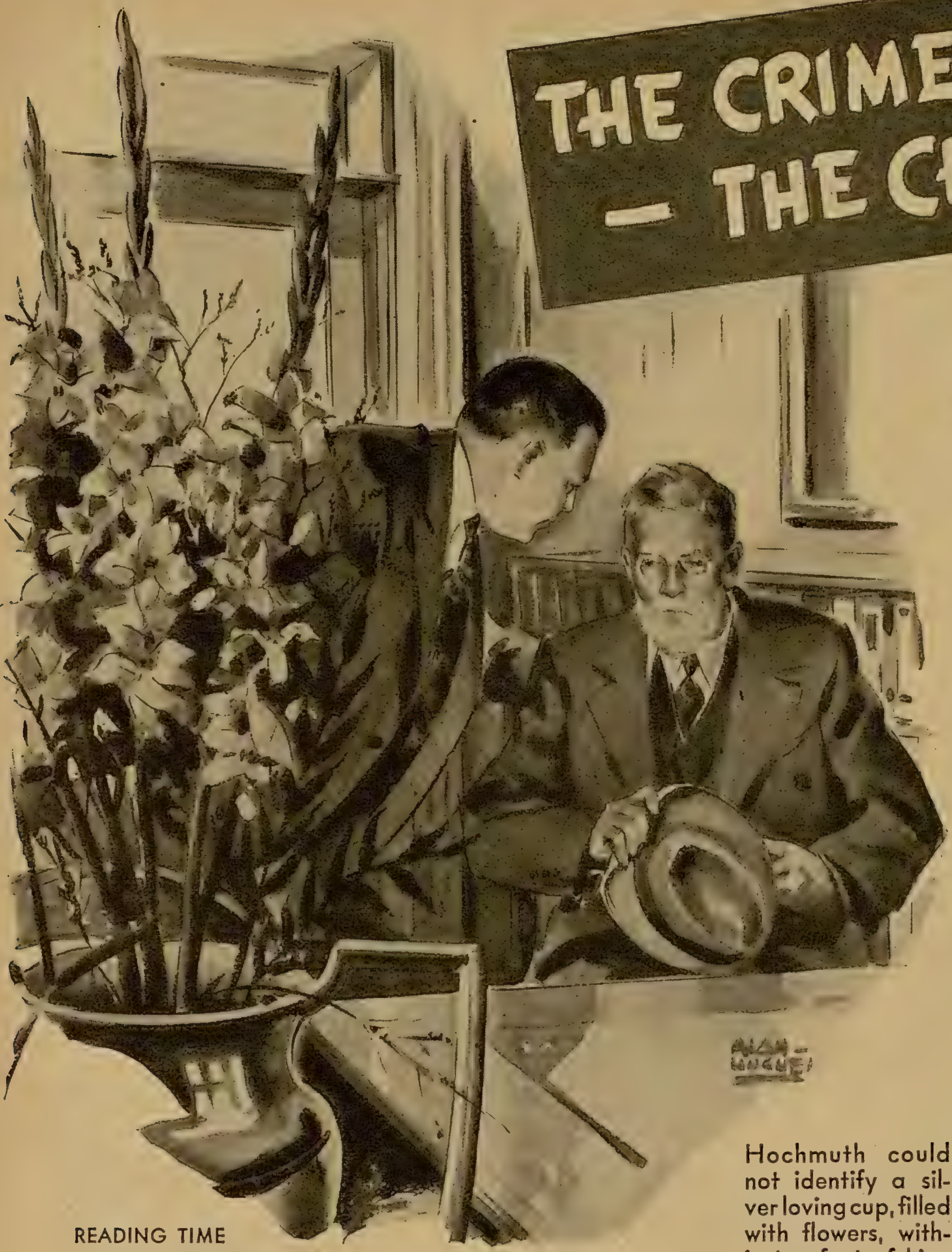
1—Baron Joseph Lister (1827-1912).
2—About half.
3—Czechoslovakia's first President.
4—Wrestling.
5—Gable (able).
6—They won freedom first in British dominions, by legislation that was passed in 1833.
7—Analogous.
8—No; although requests continue to pour into Washington each spring, the government discontinued the distribution of free seeds in 1923.
9—Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (1797-1851).
10—D-E (DEcimal, mEDical, DEclaim, claimED).
11—One hundred.
12—Marshall Field of Chicago.
13—That of the earth.
14—President Roosevelt.
15—The New York Yankees.
16—Spain and Portugal.
17—Rose Bampton—the voices: contralto, mezzo-soprano, dramatic soprano, coloratura soprano.
18—There are 7,083.
19—Jess Willard.
20—

Cecil B deMille

What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case?

THE CRIME—THE CASE —THE CHALLENGE

by Former Governor HAROLD G. HOFFMAN of New Jersey



Hochmuth could not identify a silver loving cup, filled with flowers, within ten feet of him.

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

LAST week Mr. Hoffman discussed the possible effect upon the Flemington jury of Colonel Lindbergh's presence at the state's table; Edward J. Reilly as chief defense counsel—how he came to be retained, and how the jurors may have been affected by his methods; some reasons for doubt concerning the identification of the baby's body; and "unfairness" on the parts of some newspapers or their representatives.

PART THIRTEEN—THE ENIGMA OF "RAIL 16," AND SOME WITNESSES

DURING my lone visit to Hauptmann in cell 9 of New Jersey's dreary death house, the white-faced prisoner had bitterly protested that articles seized by the police, and which might have been helpful to his defense, had been withheld from the trial. In some cases, he insisted, the prosecution had denied the existence of letters and books that were in his home at the time of his arrest. He claimed, you will recall, that there had been a substitution for some of his tools, so the jury would be impressed with the belief that he had used chisels similar to the one found at the scene of the crime; that the board supposed to match the wood in the important rail 16 of the ladder had been "planted."

Hauptmann is dead. If some of his charges are true, that information may be locked forever in the hearts of those responsible.

There is ample evidence that some of Hauptmann's claims were well founded; but that evidence came to light too late to benefit the man who, under the law, became a wisp of smoke and a jar of dust in April of 1936. Even if it had been presented, I doubt that it would have benefited Hauptmann.

Hauptmann, after all, was a friendless alien. Public sentiment was against him. And the press—those vituperative editorials that would await any one in an official position who did not indicate complete satisfaction with the verdict. Look at Hoffman—what happened to him! It is doubtful that any new evidence would have been helpful to Hauptmann then.

During the trial, pallid frightened little Anna Hauptmann told of her husband's relationships with Isidor Fisch; how Fisch, before leaving for Germany, had brought personal belongings to the Hauptmann home. "There were . . . boxes, like cardboard boxes . . . with furs. . . . And he had a valise with books, he said . . . filled with books in it."

Hauptmann, in the course of the prison interview, had told me of the suitcase containing books; how Fisch had given him permission to read them, as he had done during winter evenings.

At the trial, in his summation, Wilentz endeavored, with obvious success, to convince the Hunterdon County Jury that the whole Fisch story had been fabricated.

"Fisch left his books with Hauptmann," said Wilentz. "Do you remember Mrs. Hauptmann's story? He left those satchels. There were some papers and books of Fisch's when he went to Europe." Wilentz sneered. "Of course he destroyed those—very likely? They weren't there when we got there. . . ."

It was not until long after Hauptmann was gone, and long after Colonel Schwarzkopf as head of the New Jersey State Police had "walked the plank," that I had a real opportunity to look over the remaining records. My eye alighted on this sentence in a report made by Detective Sergeant John Wallace, who searched the Hauptmann home on September 22, 1934: "The undersigned searched the chifforobe located in the Hauptmann bedroom and *found several books with Isidor Fisch's name in same.*"

Unimportant? Perhaps; yet it would seem to substantiate Hauptmann's claim that the seizure of his home and his belongings, and the refusal to produce articles of defense evidence, placed him under an unfair handicap.

Lloyd Fisher claims—and I have examined an exchange of telegrams between him and Wilentz—that the defense was continuously denied the right to visit the Hauptmann home and the Lindbergh home. The State Police had rented the Hauptmann apartment, and Wilentz refused to let the defense counsel examine the home until Koehler, the "wood expert," could be present. It was inconvenient for Koehler to get there on the day set for the examination, and the day never did arrive when Fisher and Pope, who was particularly interested in the wood angle of the case, could "get together" with Koehler and examine the 222d Street premises. The defense counsel likewise insisted that they had been barred from the Lindbergh home.

The kind of witness Schwarzkopf was is shown by the following excerpt from the trial testimony:

Q. Colonel, did you issue a statement saying that the suicide of Violet Sharpe virtually solved the kidnaping? *A.* Such— I don't recall any such statement.

Q. To the press. Do you say that you didn't issue such a statement? *A.* I am quite sure that I didn't.

Q. Will you say positively whether you did or you did not, to the best of your knowledge? *A.* I cannot tell you that, Mr. Fisher. I say I am quite sure that I didn't.

Q. Well, did you feel that it did solve the kidnaping—the death of Violet Sharpe went a long way towards solving the kidnaping? *A.* No, sir.

Q. Then you know that you never issued such a statement? *A.* Yes. I am quite sure that I didn't.

Q. If you had no such idea, Colonel, there is no question in your mind about it, is there? *A.* No.

But Colonel Schwarzkopf *did* issue such a statement. It is included in the files of Lindbergh case releases from the State Police. It had been published in the newspapers. And yet Schwarzkopf, under oath, "could not recall" that it had been issued, and maintained that he had never felt that Violet Sharpe's death went a long way toward solving the crime.

The wood angle of the Hauptmann case is intriguing. I cannot qualify as a technical expert on wood, but as an everyday sort of fellow with, I hope, a reasonable degree of common sense, I cannot fathom the reason for Hauptmann's alleged use of a floor board from his own attic to make one of the six rails of the kidnap ladder. I have been in the Hauptmann attic. In order to gain entrance, since there are no stairs, you are obliged to climb up the shelves of a closet, remove the wooden covering from what may best be described as a trap door in the attic floor, and then pull yourself up through it.

A FLOOR board similar to the disputed board removed from the Hauptmann attic may be purchased, I am informed, for thirteen or fifteen cents. Why Hauptmann, allegedly a clever criminal who must have used rubber gloves so there would be no telltale fingerprints on the notes, the ladder, or in the nursery, who must have worn stockings or other coverings over his shoes to eliminate telltale footprints, who was smart enough to fool the police of the world for over two years, should have been dumb enough to climb into his own attic, saw out part of one floor board, and create evidence that could be used against him in a trial for kidnap and murder, is something that will always remain a mystery to me. Hauptmann said that there were many boards lying around his garage and in his yard that could have been used for the same purpose; he was a carpenter and, without incurring suspicion, could have purchased the necessary board from any lumber yard for a few cents.

The flooring was of the tongue-and-groove type, which means that Hauptmann, in addition to being dumb enough to use one of his own floor boards, would have had to use a ripsaw and plane; for the famous rail 16 of the ladder bore no evidence of either a tongue or a groove, and, in addition, both ends of the board had been cut. It was only by "imagination" that the eye could trace the missing piece of board which, it was claimed, had once joined the piece of flooring known as S-226 to the board from which rail 16 was cut.

Koehler let his eye trace identical grains from one piece of the board to another; persons less imaginative could not concede a matching of the grains.

It was not until March 24, 1936, just a few days before Hauptmann died, that any member of the defense counsel visited the Hauptmann home. At that time, Lloyd Fisher, as well as Attorney General Wilentz, Koehler, and several others, accompanied me to the Hauptmann attic. That visit, at least to me, was very revealing.

It must be understood that the attic flooring had never been completed. Flooring laid across the beams covered about two thirds of the attic, but did not extend back to where the sloping roof met the beams upon which the remainder of the floor had been laid. On March 24 the floor, minus the disputed board presented as evidence at Flemington, was entirely symmetrical, a good carpenter job. From the dead center of the floor, as determined by a plumb line dropped from the apex of the roof, there were thirteen boards on each side—a total of twenty-six pieces of flooring. If the disputed board had actually been a part of the flooring there would have been thirteen boards on one side and fourteen on the other.

THE flooring is laid with what is known as toenailing—that is, the nails are driven through the tongue of the boards at an angle of about forty-five degrees. In all twenty-six boards in the attic flooring there appeared to be only *seven perpendicular nails*, while in the beams or joists where board S-226 and rail 16 are alleged to have been laid there were holes indicating that *twenty-five perpendicular nails* must have been driven in that one board. Mr. Koehler, in his report, explains that "this board undoubtedly was the first one laid, and it had to be fastened securely so that the others could be driven against it." Carpenters have advised me that it would not take anywhere near twenty-five nails to anchor the first board, and they have also pointed out that approximately the same number of nails required to anchor the first board would have been required to anchor the last board laid.

In the course of the examination it was found that the disputed nail holes in the joists were not deep enough to accommodate the eightpenny cut nails that Detective Bornmann said came from the attic floor. Wires, matchsticks, and other probing materials were used, and it was found that none of the holes had the required depth of 1¾ inches. This seemed significant, and it was suggested that pieces of the joists containing the nail holes should be split open to see whether or not the nails had been driven to their full length. The blocks were cut out and taken to the Physics Department of Columbia University, and when the samples were split open, through the nail holes, all but one of the nail holes were deep enough to have accommodated the nails to their full length. The reason why the wires and sticks had not probed the nail holes to the full depth was that the holes had been partially filled with what appeared to the naked eye to be sawdust. Koehler's report shows that he examined this material under a microscope and found it "to be made of fragments of wood fibers mixed with a very small amount of gritty material, apparently dust from the attic."

I have in my possession several of these blocks from the joists, split through the nail holes. Every person to whom I have shown them—and this includes carpenters, crime analysts, and other citizens—has been convinced that these *nail holes are comparatively fresh.* The wood fibers surrounding the nail holes have not died, there are no signs of rust from the nails, and it is apparent to any one with an open mind that eightpenny cut nails had never remained in those holes for the nine or ten years that the flooring had been laid. Other nail holes in the beams, undisputed, present a far different appearance. They are lined with rust and there are no projecting fibers.

It seems to me that the evidence is clear that the disputed nail holes were made by nails driven in the joists and pulled out almost immediately. When a nail is driven in most wood, I am advised, and immediately extracted, some of the displaced fibers spring back into place. I am convinced that this is what was done in making the nail holes that "fit" with the alleged nail holes in the kidnap ladder, and that subsequently these pieces of fiber, breaking off because of repeated probes into the nail holes, supplied the material that partially filled the nail holes.

It was the startling "discovery" that the wood in rail 16 of the ladder matched with the remaining piece of flooring in the Hauptmann attic that supplied the connecting link between the Bronx and Hopewell, and placed Hauptmann at the scene of the crime. The "discovery," however, seems to me to have been a little too perfect. Let's look into it.

FROM September 19, 1934, when Hauptmann was arrested, until September 26, when the "discovery" was made, there had been repeated searches of the Hauptmann apartment, including the attic. I have been unable to examine any of the reports of New York City Police and Department of Justice investigators, since they were not made available to me, but I do have several reports of State Police officers, and not one of them shows that a search of the attic prior to September 26 disclosed that part of one floor board had been sawed out of the attic.

This important evidence is something that should have struck any experienced investigator "smack in the eye"; yet, if it was there, New York City Police, F. B. I. investigators, and the New Jersey sleuths passed it by until Bornmann arrived on the scene, September 26, and, accompanied by *two carpenters* from the New York City Police Department, discovered the important evidence that had been waiting, for a week, for him to find.

Corporal William Horn, in a report of his activities for September 19, says that he searched the Hauptmann residence with representatives of the New York City Police Department and the U. S. Department of Justice, under the supervision of Lieutenant Keaton of the New Jersey State Police and Inspector John Lyons of the New York City Department. *The partially missing floor board is not mentioned in this report.*

On September 20 Corporal Samuel Leon reported that, with Lieutenant Frank McCarthy of the New York City Police and Agent Wright of the Department of Justice, he searched the Hauptmann garage, and he adds: "We then searched the kitchen, bedroom, nursery, parlor, *attic,* and cellar, but were *unable to find anything connected with the Lindbergh case.*"

On September 22, in compliance with the orders of Lieutenant Keaton, Sergeant A. Zapolsky of the New Jersey State Police went to the Hauptmann home, accompanied by Sergeant P. Kelly and Sergeant

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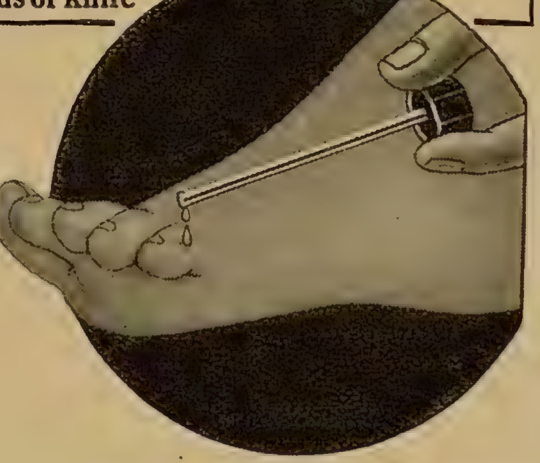

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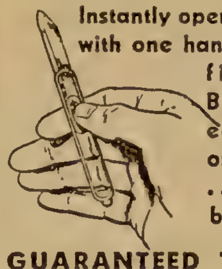

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Actual Size

Wallace of his department, and four New York City detectives. "We were assigned," writes Zapolsky, "to search the attic." He adds: "In the attic we picked up a mason's bag containing two trowels, two pieces of pipe, one ruler, one plane blade, and one empty fiber suitcase." *There is no mention of the partially missing floor board.*

Can it be possible that all these sharp-eyed Sherlocks—several Department of Justice investigators, a half dozen or more New York City detectives and policemen, and eight New Jersey State Police officers—had gone repeatedly to the Hauptmann attic to *search* it, and had passed over what subsequently turned out to be the most important piece of evidence in sending Hauptmann to the electric chair?

But read this report signed by Detective Bornmann, and setting out his activity of September 26, the day the evidence is supposed to have been found: "This date detailed by Captain Lamb to continue search on the above-captioned home. Meeting Detective Tobin, two police carpenters, and Superintendent Wilson on the premises at 9 A. M., we immediately proceeded to make a thorough search of the attic. *Nothing of value was found*, with the exception of several small pieces of wood and shavings and several cut nails that may possibly have a bearing on the case."

IT is true that there are several supplemental reports citing the "great find," but I am at a loss to understand why Bornmann, in what apparently was his first written report of that day's activities, maintained that "nothing of value was found."

Bornmann, you will recall, is the State Police officer who, according to his testimony, pulled up the remaining half of the floor board, filled with nails, and with a tongue inserted in the groove of the adjacent floor board, *with his bare hands.* He certainly played an important part in sending Hauptmann to his doom. Bornmann didn't apply for any of the New Jersey reward money.

The wood angle represents another phase of the case upon which whole volumes might be written.

Hundreds of pages of testimony were devoted to the wood angle, undoubtedly confusing the jury. Some of the claims made were absurd, but they were undoubtedly swallowed by the expert-awed jurors.

I have in my possession a photograph of the ladder made the day after the commission of the crime. It is a clear photograph, in which the knots and grains are distinctly shown and rail 16 can be easily identified; but in neither the original nor in a copy magnified ten times can the alleged nail holes be found.

Let's proceed to a brief discussion of the parts played by some of the state's witnesses in the Hauptmann case. Take the remarkable Mr. Hochmuth! The first record of his interest in the case is found in a report of Trooper W. O. Sawyer of the New Jersey State Police. It is dated *November 28, 1934*—two months after Hauptmann's arrest, and after pictures of him had been published in every paper in the country. Frank Story, a neighbor, related to Trooper Sawyer a story told by the eighty-seven-year-old Hochmuth, who claimed that he "saw a car containing a man with a ladder pass his home on the morning that the Lindbergh baby was kidnaped." Sawyer proceeded to Hochmuth's home. Hochmuth repeated the story to him, and after being shown a picture of Hauptmann remarked:

"He looks like the man."

Hochmuth's interesting story, as reported by Sawyer, is as follows: "On the morning that the Lindbergh baby was kidnaped a car turned the corner at his home coming from the direction of Hopewell and made too wide a turn and went into a ditch on the right side of the road. The car contained a ladder and before the man attempted to drive out of the ditch he straightened the ladder as it had fallen against the window. The car was a greenish sedan. . . . The driver wore what appeared to be a dark blue sailor cap with a shiny peak. Hochmuth stated that his reason for not divulging this previously was that he did not want any publicity and that he thought if he identified the man with the ladder it would be the cause of the man going to the electric chair and he did not want to do that."

On December 20, 1934, Sawyer reports that he took Hochmuth to the State Police Training School, where "he identified the Hauptmann car as the car he had seen." In a statement given to Captain Lamb on the same day Hochmuth said, "I am almost positive that it is the same car."

In the same statement Hochmuth said, "The car was going so fast it slid into the ditch." He told Troopers Sawyer and Genz that the car slid into the ditch. On the witness stand he said (page 448) that the car stopped as it got into the ditch, and again, as a witness (page 460), that the car did not go into the ditch.

Troopers Sawyer and Genz report that they took the old man to the Flemington jail and that Hochmuth identified Hauptmann as the man he saw on the morning of the kidnaping. To Captain Lamb he said: "The man I saw today looks exactly like the man I saw in the car that morning, but his face was a little more ruddy and might have been a little heavier." On the witness stand (page 461) Hochmuth admitted that he saw a "figure" in jail but couldn't "see" him. He admitted that he was there about thirty minutes.

On the witness stand Hochmuth said that he had lived in Hunterdon County for about the past ten years, and visited New York occasionally.

I have in my possession a certificate signed by Ruth Hill, Third Deputy Commissioner in charge of the Division of Old Age Security, Department of Public Welfare, New York City. It is dated June 17, 1935, and I quote it herewith:

> The individual record, #14106, of the Division of Old Age Security, regarding Amandus Hochmuth, contains the following two excerpts under health:
>
> June 29, 1932, over the signature of Edward Carey, investigator, "Health is very poor, applicant partly blind, suffering from a complication of diseases."
>
> August 4, 1932, Joseph A. McGovern, investigator, noted this information, supposedly received from Mr. Hochmuth: "Frail . . . failing eyesight due to cataracts."

HERE was Hochmuth, living in New Jersey, drawing aid upon the representation that he was a resident of New York City (he gave the addresses 595 East 134th Street, and 370 Willis Avenue, Bronx) of undoubtedly defective eyesight, going upon the stand and swearing away the life of a man whom he had seen for a fleeting second, supposedly on the morning of the Lindbergh crime.

Hochmuth, in my office on December 15, 1937, could not identify an eighteen-inch silver loving cup, filled with flowers, on top of a cabinet located within ten feet of the chair in which he sat. On that day, when I examined Hochmuth in connection with the reward, in the presence of Leon Hoage, a crime analyst, the old man gave the following fantastic story, never told before, in an effort to convince me that he had really seen Hauptmann and was entitled to a share of the reward; I am quoting from the stenographic record:

"Well, when the baby was killed, that was on March 1, I saw Hauptmann, and before that I saw a fellow hanging on the bridge there—this is the first time I have mentioned it. He was hanging on the bridge, and we have a good many Germans coming to the neighborhood, and I said, 'Are you looking for a job?' and I didn't get a satisfactory answer, but I saw he was a German and I spoke German to him and we had quite a talk. I said, 'I am from Hamburg,' and he said he came from Saxony. I said, 'What is your name?' and he said, 'Hauptmann.'"

Get a picture, readers, of Hauptmann, planning a crime that would shock the world, prowling around Hopewell telling people his name and origin! Hochmuth repeated this fabulous story in the presence of over twenty newspaper reporters on the day that the reward announcement was made; but little was said about it in the public press. Nothing must be done to discredit a witness in the Hauptmann case!

And Justice Trenchard, in his charge to the jury, referring to Hochmuth, asked, among other things, "Do you think there is any reason, upon the whole, to doubt the truth of the old man's testimony?"

The jury evidently believed him. Remembering that he was one of the important witnesses who placed Hauptmann at the scene of the crime; that he was drawing relief in New York City while a resident of New Jersey; that there were wide discrepancies in his statements and the testimony he gave on the stand; that for over two years after the crime he kept a "secret" that he had seen a man in the car with the kidnap ladder, do you believe him?

Now comes Charles B. Rossiter, another of the state's identification witnesses. It was a great trio of witnesses who gave the important testimony that convinced the jury that Hauptmann had been prowling around in New Jersey—Whited, Hochmuth, and Rossiter!

Rossiter is another fellow who never came into the case until after Hauptmann had been arrested. On September 22, 1934, he called Sergeant A. G. Varrelman at the Mount Ephraim barracks of the State Police, and told a story reported by Varrelman as follows:

"The Saturday evening before the kidnaping he left his home in Maplewood . . . proceeded along his regular route (he was then a pretzel salesman), route 29 to Somerville, then to Princeton. Between Princeton and Bellemead he noticed a large dark-colored sedan with New York plates, the color of which he believes *might* have been green, parked on the right side of the road, headed toward Princeton and opposite the Princeton Flying Field. The car appeared to be in the ditch, so he stopped and asked the man who was standing in the rear of the car if he could be of any assistance, and was told no, the car was all right, so he got into his car and proceeded on. . . . Last evening he saw several pictures in the paper of Bruno Hauptmann, recently arrested, and he stated that this man *looks very much* like the man he spoke to in front of the Princeton Airport."

Charles B. Rossiter, state witness.

Rossiter was rushed to the State Police School, where he gave a signed statement to Detectives De Gaetano and Bornmann. He says that he pulled up to within fifteen feet, got out, walked to the man standing in the rear of the car and asked if he could help. "He seemed very much irritated," stated Rossiter, "and very abruptly answered, 'No, I don't need any help,' or words to that effect. Whereupon I got into my car and drove away." He described the man as having "a sallow complexion, very prominent nose, five feet six inches in height, very stocky build, and weighed about 170 to 180 pounds"—one of the hundreds of varying descriptions given of men supposed to have been Hauptmann.

IN this signed statement he said that "I noticed New York registration and *spare tire mounted on a three-prong tire carrier.*" He was shown several photographs of Hauptmann and said, "None of these pictures look like the man I had seen"; but he went on to say that in a group of four, published in a New York newspaper, he had seen one that "*bears a striking resemblance.*"

The Hauptmann car never had a three-prong tire carrier on the rear. There was a trunk on the rear, and it was one of the type of cars where the spare tire is carried in a well in the front left fender.

Colonel Schwarzkopf's men made a check of Rossiter to ascertain his reputation, and although that investigation showed that his character and reputation were questionable, Rossiter was brazenly used as a state witness, and an important one. Detective De Gaetano found out some interesting things about Rossiter. I have a photostatic copy of that report before me. Here are some exerpts: "Visible signs of financial distress . . . fired for some unknown reason . . . failed to turn in collections . . . said some one had entered his house when he and his wife were away and stole the $400 collections . . . a trial was given him but after two months he returned to his old practices, which again caused his dismissal . . . Mr. ——— (an employer) brands him as being a good composer and a wonderful liar. . . . Mr. ——— (another employer) says: '. . . This company received a telegram from New Rochelle, New York, signed by Charles B. Rossiter, stating that he was held up and robbed and requested more money . . . received $60 worth of merchandise he has failed to account for.'"

Voluntarily, a number of other employers of Rossiter have written to me stating that Rossiter had been dismissed for irregularity in financial transactions. When he was used as a witness, in the face of knowledge that he had an unenviable reputation, he told a story, under oath, differing widely from the initial statements he had given the State Police. But such witnesses as Whited, Hochmuth, and Rossiter, none of whom had been heard from prior to Hauptmann's arrest, evidently convinced the jury that Hauptmann, in different cars, answering different descriptions, had been seen in the vicinity of the Lindbergh home. The jurors might have been impressed by the consistency with which the defendant had followed his habit of running cars into ditches.

There is another prosecution witness who deserves mention—Cecile Barr, the cashier of Loew's Sheridan Square Theater in Greenwich Village. Although she sold tickets to about 1,500 people on November 26, 1933, she could pick out Hauptmann, over a year later, as the man who had given her a folded five-dollar bill that subsequently proved to be one of the ransom bills. Unfortunately for the state—although the jury seemed to overlook this little discrepancy—the date in question was Hauptmann's birthday. They were apparently willing to believe that Hauptmann, supposedly a man with $50,000 in his possession, was many miles away from his home, on the night of his birthday, to see a picture show, without an overcoat. And that was a cold night.

Mr. Sidney Whipple could not stomach the story of Cecile Barr. He writes: "Of the evidence linking Bruno Richard Hauptmann to specific appearances before and after the crime, that relating to his supposed visit on the evening of November 26 to the Sheridan Square Theater has always seemed to many persons, including the writer, the most tenuous and susceptible to attack. . . . There was considerable evidence to place Hauptmann in his own home that evening as against the uncorroborated evidence of the cashier. Of the fact that the defendant's birthday fell on that date there is no doubt. . . . That there was a little birthday celebration at the Hauptmann apartment there was considerable evidence." Mr. Whipple goes on to explain that there is a possibility "that the bill had been in circulation for several days and that it reached the hands of the cashier through some innocent person, *wrongly identified as Hauptmann.*"

The information I have given about the state's important witnesses has been taken, remember, from the records. None of it is hearsay. None of it originated in my mind. The final question upon these witnesses is directed, not to the prosecution, but to you!

Would you, reader, upon trial for your life, feel that you were getting a fair deal, under your understanding of American justice, with Condon, Whited, Hochmuth, Rossiter, and Cecile Barr in the witness box testifying against you?

Just what unanswered questions constitute the blazing challenge that the Lindbergh case continues to present? Former Governor Hoffman will sum up on those questions, and will point out most frankly what they imply, in the closing article of this series in Liberty next week.

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Roosevelt's Own Story of the New Deal

HUTCHINSON, KAN.—Any one who reads President Roosevelt's Own Story (March 12 Liberty) must admit that he writes as interestingly and effectively as he talks over the radio. However, for the sake of our posterity and even our civilization, there is one statement that certainly should not go unchallenged. It appears on page 6 and is as follows:

"Almost all economists were then preaching the theory that the greater the production of goods, the greater the wealth and well-being of the nation. That delightfully simple theory of 1928 ignored the fact that in 1928 when production was increasing unemployment was also increasing."

The economists in 1928 were stating a fundamental fact—it was true then and will always be true. Almost all great truths are "simple." The "increasing unemployment" in 1928 had no more connection with the production of wealth than when you try to run your automobile with gasoline mixed with water and then blame the carbureter.

The Brookings Institute made a research and came to the conclusion that at no time have we had production facilities equal to our consuming capacities, provided that our citizens had the purchasing power to buy that which they needed; and upon that great fundamental fact rests our permanent prosperity.

As to the unemployment in 1928 (and I might include 1937), the cause for that is an inadequate circulating medium. From 1920 to 1930 we reduced the Federal Reserve notes in circulation approximately 50 per cent. That means that we were taking the lifeblood of trade away from our industries and then wondering why our industries could not give employment to our idle people.

Will we ever learn? Will we ever do a little clear thinking and discover that all great truths are "simple"?—*E. G. Woleslagel.*

DANVILLE, ILL.—Hurrah for Liberty! I've read Liberty for years because of its absurdities . . . you know, one must have a well rounded life. The best one yet is President Roosevelt's Own Story of the New Deal. What can he say now about "American economics and Government had broken down . . ." *Now?*

The buying of this story by Liberty was the best political campaign fund ever presented . . . to the G. O. P.! They say Hoover talked himself out of the White House; now it appears Roosevelt is writing himself out of the White House. Let's hope so.—*Al Ross.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—I have been a consistent reader of Liberty for many years, and want to congratulate you on the fearless way in which you have always conducted its editorial policy.

President Roosevelt's Own Story of the New Deal is not only a definite patriotic gesture but shows a degree of sportsmanship and a sense of fair play that is so rare these days as to be almost nonexistent.

This is especially attested by the fact that Mr. Macfadden has often disagreed with him and never hesitated to criticize him whenever he thought he was wrong. I do wish we had more editors with his backbone, courage, and sense of justice. —*J. M. J. Hodges.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Since you are publishing those much discussed, criticized, heckled, envied, sure-to-make-'em-talk articles by our President, I certainly buy Liberty. I'm on relief, but that is where one of my few nickels always goes.—*Margaret M.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The publication in Liberty of President Roosevelt's Own Story is an epoch-marking event. No other President dared write for magazines or newspapers while still in office. It is a courageous act both on the part of F. D. R. and of Liberty. The more our public officials write, the better it is for us the "common peepul."—*Hevlyn Dirck Benson.*

WHAT SIZE HAT DOES GENERAL BUTLER WEAR?

ALTOONA, PA.—Major General Smedley D. Butler says in his article in March 12 Liberty, "No bombing airplane can hop either ocean with enough explosives to blow your hat off." And yet Rear Admiral Yates Stirling says: "Bombing planes are now in existence that can fly four thousand miles with a war-bomb load of from two to four thousand pounds of high explosive."

Would the editor of Vox Pop be kind enough to inform this reader just what size hat Major General Butler wears—and does his head fit it?—*H. Eugene Wertz.*

REELS ON ENDS OF RODS

OMAHA, NEB. — Referring to Mr. Bowers' contention (March 19 Vox Pop) in which he says, using italics: "I doubt if any one could fish with reel on *end of rod.*"

For Mr. Bowers' information, it is not at all unusual for fly rods to be equipped with the reel at the base of the rod. In fact, it is unusual for them to be equipped otherwise. How's that!

For verification of the above, I refer you to Charles Heddon's tackle catalogue, which lists some of the finest fly rods made.—*C. W. Hanson.*

ELSIE ROBINSON TAKES THE INFLATED SNOWBALL

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Of all the destructive literature ever written for the pages of Liberty, the article by Elsie Robinson (February 5 issue) on the disrespect of parents takes the inflated snowball.

Is she trying to play up to us youth of the nation by catering to our cussedness? Is she simply trying to be a good sport, since she cannot change our nature? Why uphold us when she knows we are wrong and *we* know it only too well?

We, the youth she talks to, are bad. We know it. The reason we do not admit it is that we are too stubborn. We have committed every sin short of murder. But would we want our parents to pat us on the back and hop on the wagon along with us? I'll say not!

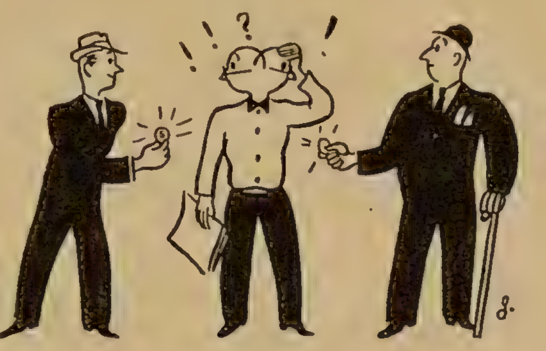
Let Miss Robinson visit any of our roadhouses in the wee small hours. She will see plenty. But let her ask any one of the hilarious crowd if he or she would wish his mother to drop in and share in the fun. A thousand times NO. If the majority of us still have a little respect left for our parents, why should she wish to take this last shred of civilization from us?

I am no angel myself. I know all the tricks. I am lamscramming to the devil along with a million others, and just as fast; but I still have the decency to sign myself—*A Respecter of Motherhood.*

WHOSE NICKEL IS THE BIGGEST?

PRESCOTT, ARIZ.—How are you going to please both Mr. Nolin of Fargo, North Dakota (February 26 Vox Pop), and me? He wants fiction and no Duchess for his nickel, and I want all the news and information I can get about the Duke and Duchess, even if it crowds out all the space allotted to fiction!

Now, whose nickel is the biggest?—*Joseph B. Van Noy.*

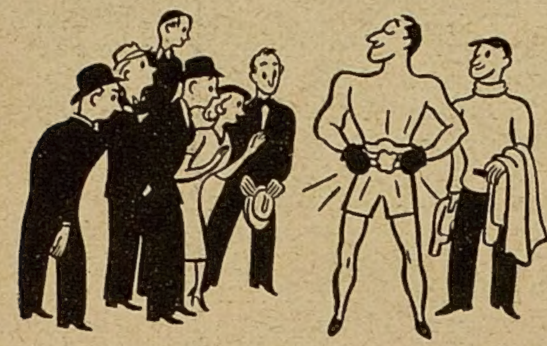


FIGHT FANS, HERE'S A CHANCE TO OPEN UP

GALENA, KAN.—Why Married Men Become Champions, by Joe Louis (February 26 Liberty), was a dandy: First, it was a good thought to bring out; second, it had some good pictures; and third, one of those pictures gave me an idea. An idea for another good article.

On one of the champs I noticed the Belt! Why not tell us something about it? Who thought of it first? Who made it? What is its value, in dollars and cents, in sentiment? What is it made of? How heavy is it? There are many things to be said, and still I've never heard much about it.

I don't know why I'm telling you how to run a magazine, but I think the Belt would make a good subject for an article.—*Glenn Bamard.*



SUGGESTS PUTTING READING TIME ON CONTENTS PAGE

New Orleans, La.—As a Liberty reader I have two suggestions to make that might be of interest to both you and your other readers, and I hereby submit them for your approval.

Instead of putting the Reading Time on the same page with the story, article, etc., why not put it in the Contents column? By doing so you will enable your readers to see at a glance what they would like to read immediately without having to search each page for a story or article with its specified time alongside.

Instead of eliminating the "What Has Gone Before" on the last installment of your continued stories, why not print it? Your readers who follow serial stories in other magazines as well will be able to recall at once where the continued story ended the week before.

Also, I wish to say that I enjoy Mr. Macfadden's articles very much, and find them both interesting and educational.—*Charles J. Imhof.*

SOLVED HER SPINACH PROBLEM

Miami, Fla.—More covers like the charming and helpful March 5 one should deserve more than mere thanks from the spinach growers and dealers.

The picture solved the spinach problem for me with my three-year-old boy, where Popeye cartoons and stories have failed.

I am sold on Liberty for life and clamor for more useful covers as well as pretty and attractive ones. —*Nancy H. Vickers.*

SHOWS HOW GOVERNMENT ENCOURAGES UNEMPLOYMENT

Harrisburg, Ill.—Does the United States government wish to help the unemployment situation or does it not? Let's see.

We will say that an employer has seven employees working for him at a salary of $1,800 per year each. This would make his annual pay roll amount to $12,600, and by having under eight employees he is exempt from the employers' excise tax of 3 per cent.

We will say that this same employer needs one, two, or three more employees to rightfully take care of the business. Is it common sense to think that he will hire one, two, or three more employees if he is then forced to pay excise tax on the entire personnel? Let's see how it works.

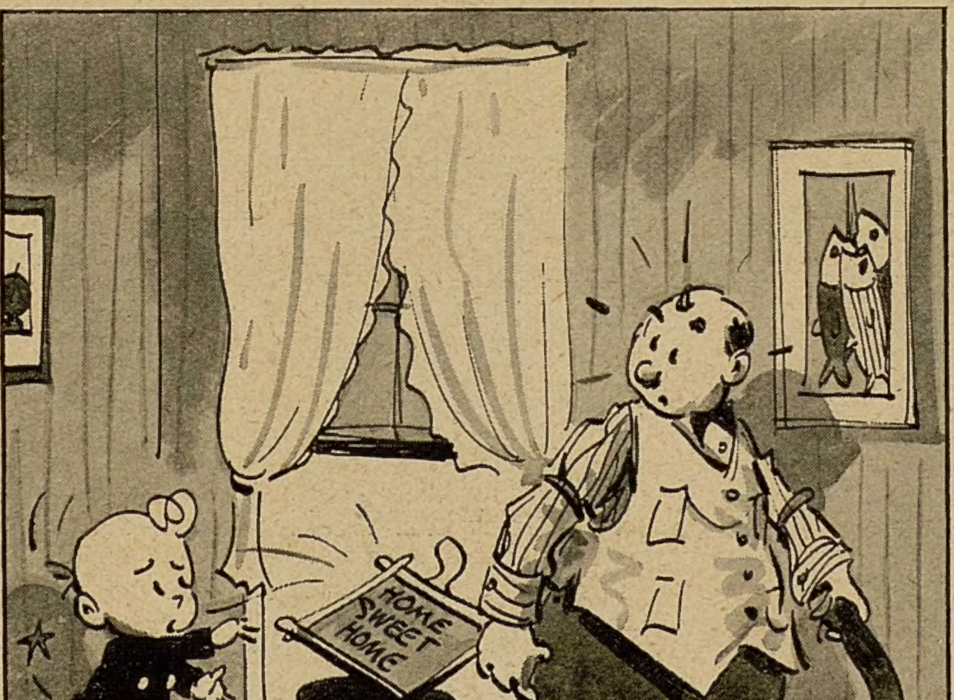
He has seven employees at $1,800 per year	$12,600
He puts on one additional employee	1,800
His total annual pay roll is now	$14,400

He is now an employer of eight or more individuals and is compelled to pay an excise tax on the entire pay roll, which in this case will amount to $432.

The $432 is a penalty for hiring the eighth man, and for each additional individual he hires he is forced to pay an additional amount of $54.

The government asks in one breath for private enterprises to absorb the unemployed, and in the next breath says, "If you do I will penalize you." I ask you, in all seriousness, is this common sense?—*Harry Sisk.*

"HARDTACK"

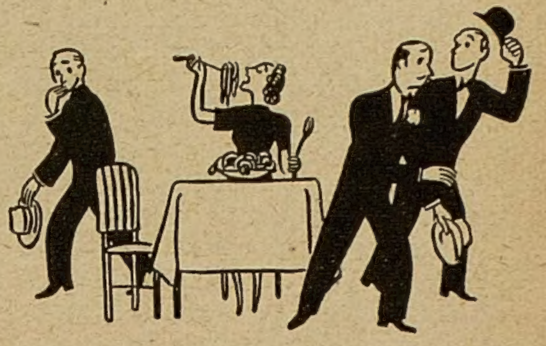


"Let's not be hypocritical, pop."

GARLIC IS NOT FOR BRIDES

Waco, Tex.—So Sylvia Sidney eats liverwurst and onions and spaghetti with garlic! (March 12 Liberty.) And she's still unglamorous and unmarried!

Can *any one* tell me why?—*John Full.*



CALENDAR REFORM MUST NOT MIX UP SUNDAYS!

Washington, D. C.—I have just read the article in February 19 Liberty on calendar reform. If that is done it will mix up our Sundays—the day of rest which the Lord hath made (Psalm 118:24). After a few years we will be quite a way behind on our Sabbaths. I am not a Seventh-Day Adventist, either. Instead of intercalating one day each year, let's wait until seven days have accumulated, and intercalate one week. Then we would stay straight.

Amen to that editorial, Newspapers Driving Nails into Their Own Coffins. —*Harold L. Lusted.*

CANCEL FINLAND'S DEBT

Minneapolis, Minn.—I offer to any congressman or senator in the United States who may care to use it the following idea:

Cancel Finland's war debt to the United States. Finland has been honorable, forthright, and honest in this matter, and certainly should be entitled to special consideration. Such action might serve as an example to other debtor countries, resulting in the United States obtaining at least a portion of the money owed us these many years. What do you say, America?—*A. B. Zingg.*

WANTS AIR ACES ON POSTAGE STAMPS

New York, N. Y.—I am working on an idea, and if you think it is worthy you can give it real support. I desire to see a bill passed by Congress for a permanent air-mail stamp carrying the likenesses of Amelia Earhart, Colonel Lindbergh, Wiley Post, and Will Rogers, one in each of the four corners.

These famous Americans are deserving of such a tribute.—*E. H. Hampton.*

We Told You So—Three Years Ago

OF ALL SAD WORDS of tongue or pen the most unpopular are these: "I told you so." . . . But we would be less than human if we did not point out that recent events in Europe which seemed to stun the world were predicted in Liberty five years ago, again three years ago, and once again two years ago. . . . For example, in our issue of June 8, 1935, on page 59, we published an article, Will Germany and Japan Try to Crush Russia? The author was Mohammed Essad-Bey. Among other things he wrote:

> "The German-Polish-Japanese plan, as it was revealed to me, contemplates a simultaneous attack on Soviet Russia from the East and from the West. Germany and Poland are to strike at the Ukraine as Japan invades Siberia. England, according to my informants, will keep Italy and France in check. There is some reason for believing that Italy and France will welcome such a crusade against Bolshevism, provided Hitler renounces his ambition to rectify Germany's 'bleeding frontiers' in the West.
>
> "The plan envisages the division of the Ukraine between Germany and Poland and the restoration of the Polish Corridor, Danzig, and Memel to Germany, and absorption of Lithuania by Poland. Estonia and Latvia, with Riga, would join the Third Reich. The Ukraine would be dominated jointly by Germany and Poland. Moreover, both nations are lured by glimpses of the Caucasus—by the oil wells of Baku. . . ."

But this is by no means all. In our issue of November 14, 1936, on page 28, we published an article, Will Hitler Strike First? by George Sylvester Viereck. . . . Among other things, Mr. Viereck had the following to say:

> "What does Hitler mean by 'German territory'? . . . His truce with Poland eliminates the Polish Corridor. Danzig, under Nazi domination, is no longer necessarily an apple of discord. . . . Germany knows that Austria cannot but gravitate into her orbit. The German government sympathizes with the six million Germans in Czechoslovakia, but Germany has not espoused their cause. She has made gestures of good will to Mussolini. . . . 'Germany is encircled by foes,' I insisted. 'The military alliance between France, Soviet Russia, and Czechoslovakia, with Roumania as a silent partner, is unbeatable. I heard Goebbels and Rosenberg point out . . . that Czechoslovakia places at Russia's disposal one hundred and seventy landing places and thirty-six large airports. From the airports of Czechoslovakia, Russian bombers can reach Dresden in twenty minutes . . . Berlin in forty-two. . . .'"

Finally may we remind you that on July 9, 1932, on page 4, Adolf Hitler himself, under the title, "When I Take Charge of Germany," and at a time when no sensible person believed that he would even be able to take over Germany, completely charted the course which he has since followed, including the absorption of Austria? . . . In a few weeks we hope to tell you in another significant article What Hitler Will Do Next. . . . We take this occasion not to crow over editorial victories but for a much more important purpose. . . . At the time these articles appeared some of our well meaning friends remonstrated that they were too sensational . . . a frequent comment of well meaning persons when they meet the truth. . . . The policy of Liberty will be to continue publication of the truth as accurately and authoritatively as we can discern it. . . . THERE IS NOT MUCH ROOM left to tell you about next week's issue, but you will find it one of the most exciting you have ever read. . . . Exciting because once again we bring you authoritatively and fearlessly the truth about today and the probabilities of tomorrow. . . . H. G. Wells, for example, tells you about liberalism tomorrow, something every liberal with common sense will want to read. . . . In lighter vein, Katherine Albert begins to reveal some of the secrets of Joan Crawford—and let us tell you one secret in advance. . . . We showed this manuscript to Miss Crawford, and she wrote an astonishing comment on it which we shall print at the conclusion of the story. . . . You won't want to miss that. . . . There are articles by Arthur T. Vanderbilt, President of the American Bar Association, Bob Considine, one of the best sports scribes, and Lieutenant Jack Lincke, whose startling aviation disclosures are advertised elsewhere in this issue. . . . There will also be stories by Ethel Doherty and Louise Long, Oscar Graeve, and others, together with heaping installments of the current serials.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL
84%—Labor's Share of Industry's Profits . . Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES
Meet Me in Dreamland . . . . Edward Tyndall 7
The Letter of the Law . . . . Leslie T. White 16
Love Can Do It—Liberty's Short Short . . . . Tiah Devitt 24

SERIALS
Murder Lady—Part II . . . . Whitman Chambers 28
Doctors Don't Tell—Part IX . . . . . . Dr. " George B. Raymond " 36
Hotel Hostess—Part IV . . . . Faith Baldwin 40
She Woke Up Smiling—Conclusion . . . . Elmer Davis 46
What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case?—Part XIII
Former Governor Harold G. Hoffman 55

ARTICLES
How Long Will We Have Religious Liberty?
George E. Sokolsky 5
What I Think of Clark Gable . . . . Robert Taylor 12
1938's Baseball Surprises . . . . Joe DiMaggio 14
32 Ways to Make a Million Dollars . . . . Raymond F. Yates 51

FEATURES
Twenty Questions, 23; Crossword Puzzle, 26; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 27; Jumbled Resort Contest, 35; Movie Reviews by Ruth Waterbury, 53; Vox Pop, 60.

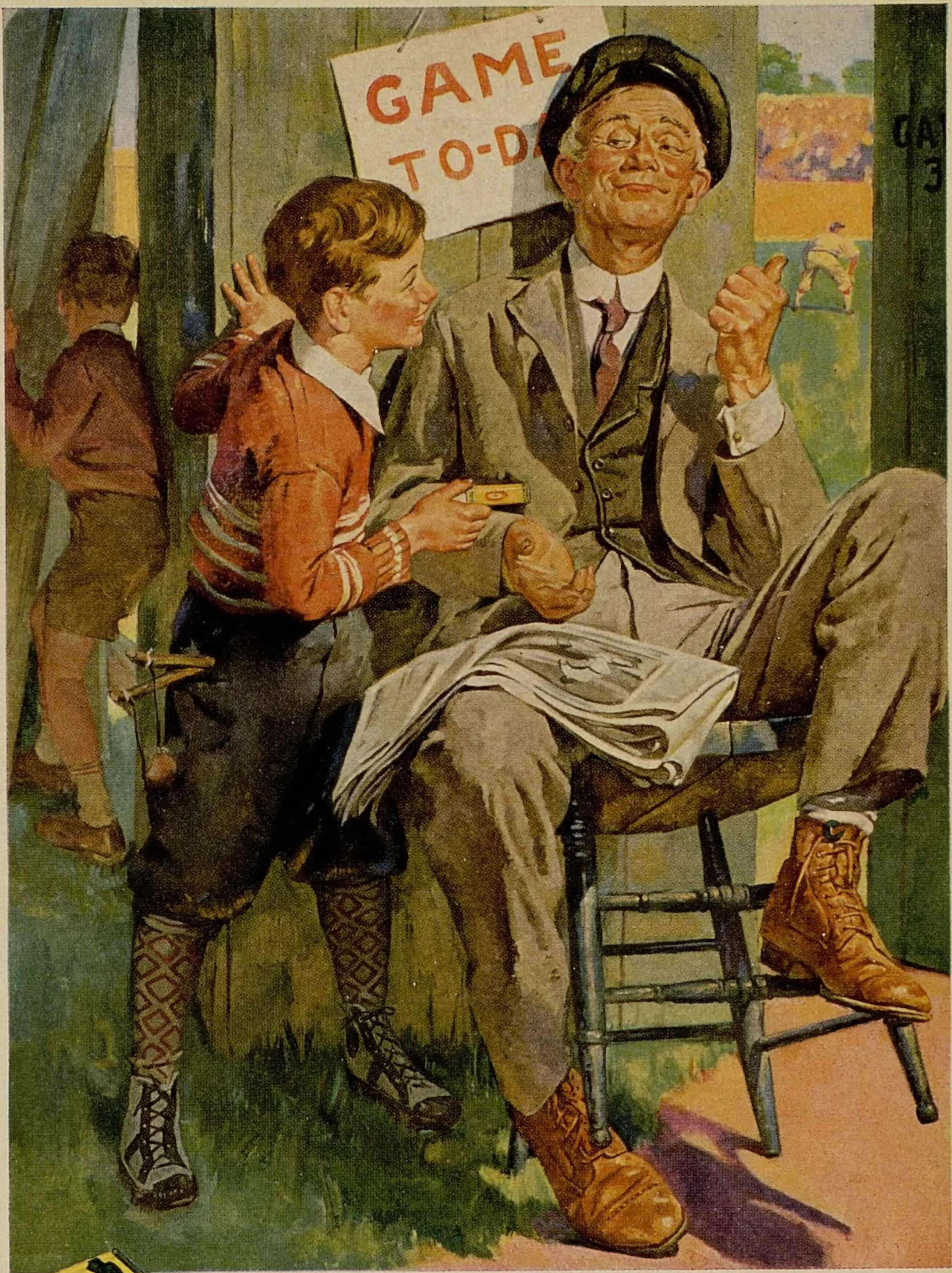
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

When work piles up and you're under pressure there's real relief from tension in the use of Beech-Nut Gum! Tests in a large university show that chewing gum helps lessen fatigue . . . improve alertness and mental efficiency. Have a package handy.

Always take Beech-Nut Gum with you in the car . . . it adds pleasure to every trip. Gives relief to your nerves when traffic is heavy . . . keeps your throat moist and refreshed . . . helps you stay awake and alert on long trips and when driving at night.

The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It is firmer, "chewier" and gives your mouth the exercise it needs.



Opening day – and every day –

BEECH-NUT GUM

is the password to pleasure

BEECH-NUT BRAND
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TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
TO OPEN USE TAB
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PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
Beech-Nut
SPEARMINT
Gum
BEECH-NUT
SPEARMINT
Beech-Nut
PEPPERMINT
BEECHIES
CANDY COATED GUM
PEPPERMINT BEECHIES
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ALWAYS REFRESHING

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it is the most popular flavor of gum in America.

Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.

3 KINDS OF BEECHIES

A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum—in three flavors—Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint—select the kind you like best.

"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

Oralgene helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking . . . is a real aid for mouth health.

Joe DiMaggio

HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT HOW DIFFERENT CIGARETTES CAN BE!

"How about it, Joe, do you find that Camels are different from other cigarettes?"

"Any all-cigarettes-are-alike talk doesn't jibe with my experience. There's a big difference. *Camels* have a lot extra. I've smoked Camels steadily for 5 years, and found that Camel is the cigarette that *agrees* with me in a lot of ways. Good taste. Mildness. Easy on the throat. Camels don't give me the feeling of having jumpy nerves."

WHEN BILL GRAHAM saw Joe DiMaggio pull out his Camels, he thought it was a good time to get Joe's opinion on smoking. Joe came straight to the point: "There's a big difference between Camels and the others." Like Joe DiMaggio, you, too, will find in Camels a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic.

JOE DI MAGGIO
GROTTO

JOE LIKES to go down to the wharf, where he used to work helping his father, and keep his hand in on mending nets. DiMaggio is husky—stands 6 feet tall—weighs around 185 pounds. His nerves are h-e-a-l-t-h-y!

DURING THE WINTER, Joe's pretty busy at his restaurant. When he's tired he says: "I get a lift with a Camel. That's another way I can spot a difference between Camels and other cigarettes."

JOE OFTEN dons the chef's hat himself. He has a *double* reason to be interested in good digestion—as a *chef* and as a *ball player.* On this score he says: "I smoke Camels 'for digestion's sake.'"

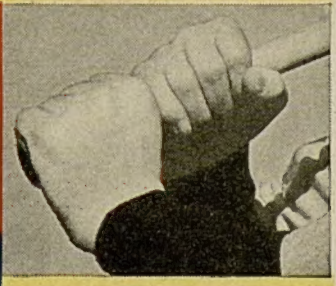
Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



JOE'S GRIP. "Ball players go for Camels in a big way," he says. "I stick to Camels. They don't irritate my throat."

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER

"Camels agree with me"

"We know tobacco because we grow it..."

"When Camel says 'costlier tobaccos' I know it's right," says Mr. Edward Estes, capable young planter, who knows tobacco from the ground up. "Take my last crop, for instance. Camel bought all the best parts—paid me the most I've ever gotten. The men who grow tobacco *know* what to smoke—*Camels!*"

"Last year I had the dandiest crop ever," says Mr. Roy Jones, another experienced planter who prefers Camels. "The Camel people paid more to get my choice lots. I smoke Camels because I know they use finer, costlier tobaccos in 'em. It's not surprising that Camel's the leading cigarette with us planters."

Mr. Harold Craig, too, is a successful grower who gives the planter's slant on the subject of the quality of leaf tobacco used for Camels. "I'm the fellow who gets the check—so I *know* that Camels use more expensive tobaccos. Camel got the best of my last crop. That holds true with most planters I know, too. You bet I smoke Camels. I know that those costlier tobaccos in Camels do make a difference."

Last year, Mr. Walter Devine's tobacco brought the highest price in his market. "Camel paid top prices for my best lots," he says. "And I noticed at the auction *other* planters got top prices from the Camel buyers *too* when their tobacco was extra-choice grade. Being in the tobacco *growing* business, I'm partial to Camels. Most of the other big growers here feel the same way."

"We smoke Camels because we know tobacco"

TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY